

LIFE



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For better catsup

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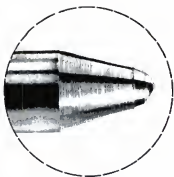
Not six, not four, not two. Seven spices.

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For Hunt's catsup

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Calif.

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This is the new stainless steel socket for the Parker T-Ball



It gives you a ball pen that starts
with a clean, clear line that *stays* clean and clear
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Now Parker uses stainless steel to bring you the most dramatic difference in ball pen writing since they invented the famous T-Ball. The T-Ball now rides in a tough, corrosion-resistant socket so there is no uneven wear to cause balks, slips, or smudges. This means an improvement you can actually see and feel—a pen that starts fast with a clean

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The stainless steel socket is exclusive in Parker Ball Pens at \$2.95 and up.

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"There is no cure for dandruff. But our BANISH® Shampoo comes closer to a cure than anything you can buy without a prescription."



The President of John H. Breck, Incorporated explains how dandruff results from the overproduction of a substance called Keratin — and how an exclusive compound in BANISH helps slow this production down to normal again.

Man against dandruff—the 3,500 year war

The first recorded diagnosis of dandruff was made by an Egyptian physician (he referred to it as "The Scruff"). From that time on, history is dotted with lamentations about it.

Considering this, it is astonishing how little the treatment for it progressed until 1954—when Breck became interested in the problem.

By then, of course, anti-seborrheic ointments were widely used. But they were strong medicine—only for cases associated with infection.

For simple dandruff, there was a tremendous range of shampoos and rinses. Most of these did no more than remove the surface flakes. Worse, they tended to dry the hair.

In short, there seemed to us to be a need for a cosmetic shampoo that was completely effective against dandruff.

Accordingly, we consulted the experts as to what the nature and causes of dandruff might be.

Keratin, cashew nuts and the common cold

The experts reminded us that a healthy scalp is in a constant state of change. New cells are con-

stantly being formed underneath a top layer of old cells — which, in turn, are constantly drying out. When the normal drying out process is completed, these old cells are mostly composed of a substance called Keratin.

Usually, these surface cells are shed in particles too small for the eye to detect. But in dandruff cases, the production of Keratin goes out of kilter. Then, the drying out process accelerates — and more than just the top layer of cells become involved. At this point, the scalp—in an effort to normalize itself—throws off large flakes of Keratin instead of particles. These Keratin flakes are called dandruff.

What causes dandruff? The experts agreed—practically anything. Temperature changes, for instance. Or a high-fat diet (fried foods, cashew nuts, etc.). Emotional tension. Even the common cold.

In the face of these facts, dealing with causes seemed like the long way around. Instead we decided to develop a product that checked excessive Keratinization.

Breck chemists were confident they could isolate a compound that would do this—and include it in a typical Breck Shampoo formula. So in 1954 the project was launched.

Why 746 heads are better than one

The assignment was more difficult than we anticipated. Partially because the compound was elusive. Partially because finding the correct formulation took so much trial and error. In the end, we spent nearly two years before we got what we were after—BANISH with 22T4*.

In 1956, BANISH with 22T4 was ready for testing. This also could have been done faster and less expensively. We could have tried it on—say, 50 people, instead of 746. We could have cut down on the number of beauty salons we asked for cosmetic evaluations. Or the number of competitive products we tested it against. But we wanted conclusions that were based on a fair sampling. That's why corner-cutting simply

didn't make sense.

One year later we marketed a product that passed all these tests with flying colors. Despite this, our chemists kept on testing new ideas, and in recent months improved the formulation even further—making BANISH what it is today.

Why BANISH comes closer to a cure than anything you can buy without a prescription

First, because BANISH can remove more than just the superficial layers of dead skin. Secondly, because 22T4 can penetrate deep into healthy scalp cells and keep working between shampoos — thus slowing the production of Keratin down to normal again. (The closer your scalp gets to normal, the easier it becomes for it to shed the remaining dead skin cells. That's why you may notice more flakes instead of less when you first begin to use BANISH.)

22T4 is also an active antiseptic—particularly effective against germs related to dandruff.

So much for BANISH's anti-dandruff properties. Naturally, it cleans hair gently—thoroughly, too—leaving it shiny and manageable.

But then you'd expect no less from a Breck shampoo.

Edward J. Breck

EDWARD J. BRECK
February 3, 1964



*2,2,4-TRIMETHYL-1,3-DICHLOROPENTANE

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Better Schools Are the Real Goal of Integration

The most insistent domestic issue in the U.S. today is the racial integration of its educational system. It is an issue demanding the steady exercise of maximum good sense but it is being stampeded toward resolution in an atmosphere suggesting the abandonment of all sense. An irresistible avalanche of emotion is colliding with a cruel but hardly movable set of facts—no less cruel because they derive from ancient injustice. The result is more mess and less progress, in the North as well as the South.

New York City, which has been hacking away at one of the world's largest school integration problems, is the latest of several cities to feel the devastating impact of pressure for an impractical speed-up. Two weeks ago half a million school children stayed home while some of their parents and other sympathizers picketed the schools in a daylong boycott. Aside from the kids' probable enjoyment of a day of semiofficial hooky, the boycott seems to have accomplished nothing except to exacerbate racial tension and alienate a good number of otherwise sympathetic supporters. Worst of all, it served as scarifying proof to children in the tender innocence of the third or fourth grade—both colored and white—that a gulf between races does indeed exist.

New York is by no means the first city—only the biggest—to get caught between emotions and facts. In Cleveland, a city proud of its improving race relations, an ugly disturbance in January was touched off by school picketing. The N.A.A.C.P., which has already fostered school strikes in Boston, Chicago and Cincinnati, has some 80 other northern cities (including New York) ticketed for action in the near future.

It is 10 years since the Supreme Court outlawed school segregation, but real racial equality and the peaceful conditions which foster learning are still far away. This is not entirely, or even primarily, a matter of reluctance on the part of northern whites to accomplish integration. School segregation in the North is *de facto*, not (as in much of the South) *de jure*, largely as a result of ghettoized housing. Eradication of the ghettos will take a long time. Therefore the N.A.A.C.P. and other rights groups have chosen to concentrate on the schools straightaway, insisting that Negro children go to the same schools as whites.

This sort of integration will not happen spontaneously. Yet when educators and public authorities get down to the hard details of "social engineering," they often raise more questions than they answer; no plan or pattern of mechanical desegregation yet devised is without its drawbacks or cruelties. Every scheme must contend with *de facto* urban segregation, either by extensive school rezoning in an attempt to achieve some racial balance or by centralizing educational facilities in a large, neutral "educational park." Each in its own way spells death for the traditional neighborhood school.

The New York Board of Education had devised a sound, responsible plan for integrating a portion of its schools only to have the program endangered by the sound and fury of the boy-

cott. The board still intends to pursue it. Based on the so-called Princeton Plan, which calls for matching a ghetto school with a mostly white school and letting each handle certain grades, the New York scheme provided for the pairing of 30 of the city's 841 schools. It was limited; its proponents admitted that they would have widened its scope *had it been feasible*. Some 70% of Manhattan public school pupils are Negro or Puerto Rican and there are simply not enough other schools near to where the Negroes and Puerto Ricans are bunched.

These are the facts. There is nothing responsible or constructive about a campaign that ignores them. Different situations demand different solutions; all must be firmly based in terms of what is possible. In many localities, the Princeton Plan, with its emphasis on fair share-out of available facilities and a minimum of community disruption, appears to be the best way. One caveat: if matched schools are too far apart, the extensive "cross-bussing" needed to transport students far from their homes becomes a time- and money-wasting drag. For the Princeton Plan to work sensibly, we should not create a generation of juvenile commuters.

The fight for school integration in the North is a good cause. We are equally convinced that nothing can be accomplished by tantrums such as the New York boycott. And in all the hullabaloo, we must not lose sight of a more important goal: a comprehensive qualitative improvement in schools and teaching, especially in the shabby and inadequate urban systems. Without it integration would be a pointless victory.

Don't Sell the U.S. Ski Team Short

Though no American male had ever won a skiing medal of any kind in Olympic competition, the U.S. had strong hopes for a breakthrough at Innsbruck this year. After all, skiing had become the nation's prime winter sport. When no American slid down from the blue to grab headlines, and medals proved scarce in other events, the pressures that built up for the athletes were enormous. They were caused by countrymen who unjustly criticized what they considered to be a dismal showing.

After failing in the downhill race, where the best they could do was 14th, the men of the U.S. alpine ski team sat as stiff and as expressionless as mummies all the way back to the village—except for the two who were crying. When they did no better than seventh in the giant slalom they hung their heads and closed their ears to talk of American ineptitude.

With one last chance to redeem American prestige and their own self-esteem the four who were to race pulled themselves together for the slalom. Their faces were taut; none of them had slept the night before or swallowed anything that morning except a cup of tea. A near-blizzard blew up but this just matched their desperation mood. And then they did it.

Billy Kidd, a 20-year-old from Vermont, slithered superbly through the maze of gates and won a silver medal. Right behind him in third place was another 20-year-old, Jim Heuga of California. It was a memorable moment in American skiing with our men winning not only one Olympic medal but two.

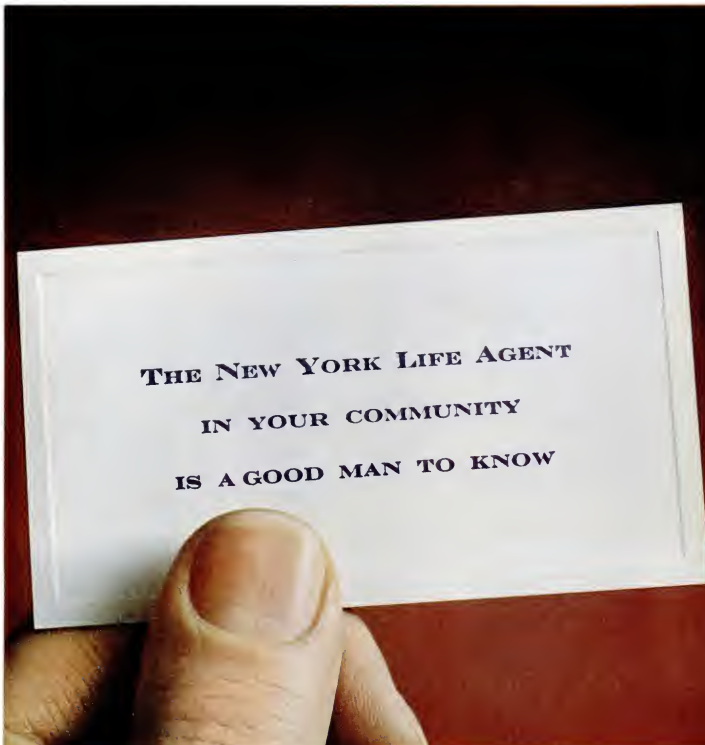
This should cause the belittlers to be proud of their skiers. From the start it would have been so easy to praise their over-all performance. In the downhill, for example, all four Americans finished in the top 20 for the first time and served notice that the Yanks, at last, were becoming a power on the slopes. But they have a long way to go before they can hope to parlay those silver and bronze medals into gold in 1968. Let's keep up the momentum.



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Ten famous photographers start home-study course

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If you want to win artistic or professional success with your camera—here is an opportunity never before available.

Ten of the world's greatest photographers have joined together to create a professional-level course in photography to help you develop your skill, judgment, and craftsmanship... and to pass on to you their secrets for achieving success and recognition.

The training will be supervised by: Philippe Halsman, portraitist of presidents, prime ministers and royalty; Richard Avedon, world's highest-paid fashion photographer; Ezra Stoller, Frank Lloyd Wright's favorite architectural photographer; Alfred Eisenstaedt, master of photo-journalism, dean of *Life* photographers; Joseph Costa, "Mr. Press Photographer" for 40 notable years; Irving Penn, brilliant editorial and advertising photographer, whose work hangs in great art museums; Bert Stern, winner of Art Directors' top award for last 8 years; Arthur d'Araizien, country's most sought-after industrial photographer; Richard Beattie, leader in advertising and commercial photography; Harry Garfield, America's most successful photographer of children.

These distinguished men have applied to photography—for the first time—a principle which has been proved time and again: If you want success, learn from successful people.

The ten famous photographers spent three

years pooling all their photographic knowledge and experience. They held back nothing, not even their most prized studio secrets. With over 2,000 "teaching" photographs and almost a million carefully chosen words—they fashioned twenty-four remarkable lessons in professional photography.

What you will learn

The lessons start you with a deeper understanding of the anatomy of your camera, light, composition, color, etc. Then they carry you, step by step, through every photographic specialty to little-known advanced and experimental techniques.

Finally the famous photographers developed for each lesson a series of home projects and practical photographic assignments. You carry out these assignments with your own camera, in your own home, on your own time schedule. As solid professional challenges—the assignments not only "tie down" what you've learned in the lesson, but they constantly force you to reach out beyond your present ability. They make you grow as a photographer.

You are a class of one

Each assignment you send to the School is carefully analyzed by one of your instructors, a practicing professional supervised by the school's distinguished faculty. On transparent

"overlays" your instructor sketches detailed suggestions for improving your artistic concepts, composition, lighting, camera viewpoint, etc. Then he writes you a long personal letter containing further detailed guidance and advice. He may spend as much as two hours on each one of your assignments. All of his suggestions are directed to your individual needs and goals in photography. In short, you are treated as a class of one.

This method of instruction was pioneered with great success by the Famous Artists Schools and Famous Writers School, parent organizations of the new photography school. During the past fifteen years, these schools have trained thousands of men and women all over the U.S. and in 56 foreign countries for successful careers in art and writing.

Course praised by experts—tested by professionals, amateurs

The new Famous Photographers Course has already won wide acclaim from editors, art directors, photography buyers.

Ted Patrick, editor of *Holiday* says: "There just aren't enough photographers who meet our standards. We look for them; we would welcome them; we would give them every chance. But, with rare exceptions, they are not to be found. That's why we greet with such enthusiasm the launching of the Famous Photographers School. Your students will have our careful attention."

Several months ago, a panel of professionals, "semi-pros" and serious amateurs tested a single early lesson of the new course and reported marked improvement. "I didn't realize there was so much I could learn about por-

trait photography," wrote camera repairman Chester Bruszewski of Delano, Calif. "After ten years of frustration," wrote airplane pilot D. W. Colburn, "at last, I see hope of success in photography."

Photography offers real satisfaction and substantial rewards to the skilled full-time or part-time photographer. Nearly 15 million photographs are bought in a year. It is estimated that local photographers alone earn more than 400 million dollars each year.

Send for 48-page book about course

If you are interested in sharing in these rewards and challenges—the School will be glad to mail you a copy of the 48-page booklet describing its new course. The booklet is illustrated with handsome color and black-and-white photographs by the ten famous photographers. To receive the booklet without cost or obligation, merely mail the coupon provided below.

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Please send me, without obligation, the 48-page brochure describing your new course.

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Our 24-page booklet, "Planning Your Adventure in Europe," tells how to make the most of nine countries abroad. You'll get tips on packing, passports, customs and more. And about low-cost TWA tours—including a plan to explore Europe by car.

Mail coupon for a free copy. Read it. Then call TWA or your travel agent, and the dream is real.

P. S. Starting April 1st, you can fly TWA to Europe at the lowest jet fares in airline history. A New York-London round trip, for example, is just \$300 with TWA's new 21-day Economy Excursion fares. Ask TWA or your travel agent about effective time periods for these extra-low fares!

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Touring star does everything by the book

A Well-planned Crawford

by RICHARD OULAHAN

The airplane could not take off because of the blizzard but, although it meant wholesale revision of her plans, the lady was undismayed. She went to Philadelphia's 30th Street station and caught the afternoon train to Boston instead, so as not to miss her next day's appointments there. Aboard the *Senator* and ensconced in Drawing Room A, Car S-720, she encountered more frustrations. First the lights went out, then the heat. Finally, the steward reported that the diner was down to its very last cheese sandwich.

Undaunted, the lady grandly called for candles and a couple of hampers from her mountain of luggage. From the hampers she produced an elegant picnic of roast chicken, hard-boiled eggs, salad (with her own homemade dressing), pickles and 100-proof vodka. Afterward, snuggled in her minks, Joan Crawford—still unmistakably the movie queen—explained the seemingly miraculous process by which the picnic had materialized: "It's all in the organization," she said. "If you have an organized mind you can do anything."

Miss Crawford was in the midst of a fast-paced tour plugging—primarily—a very bad movie about an ax-murderess called *Strait-Jacket*, of which she is the star and part owner, but she was also promoting Pepsi-Cola, of which corporation she is a member of the board. So well organized was she that the idea of disrupting the tour for something as trivial as a blizzard was out of the question. Quite apart from the show-must-go-on tradition, a master plan was in operation.

Boston was her next scheduled stop. Everything that would happen to her there was already precisely plotted, down to the specific kind of candy she would find in a bowl in her hotel suite. Weeks before, a nine-page, closely typed set of instructions had gone out from the New York headquarters of Columbia Pictures, distributors of *Strait-Jacket*, to the film company's representatives in each of the cities on Joan's tour. The

instructions cover not only Joan herself but her considerable entourage as well: Anna ("Mamacita") Brinke, her personal maid; public relations man Bob Kelly; the two pilots of the Pepsi-Cola executive plane, in which she ordinarily travels from city to city; a girl photographer; and 28 pieces of luggage, including the picnic hampers, a supply of liquor, two knitting bags and an ax with a three-foot haft, which all of the photographers en route found irresistible as a prop.

The instructions leave very little to chance and even less to the local man's imagination. An early section tells him what to do about "Accommodations":

The following hotel accommodations are to be prepared. The tap suite (including three bedrooms) in the hotels is required. This suit should be the best suite available. A single room for Mr. Kelly is to be reserved nearby on the same floor. NOTE: The three-bedroom suite is for Miss Crawford and Miss Brinke. The single is not to be part of the suite, it is not one of the three bedrooms in the suite but it is to be nearby.

NOTE: A special press conference room or suite should be promoted from the hotel. Press conferences described below are not to be held in the Crawford suite. Press suite to be the size of a normal hotel luncheon room.

NOTE: The two pilots of the Pepsi-Cola plane will have to have a single room each in the hotel. . . .

Despite what the local man may think privately, the third room is a necessity and not just an odd extravagance. It holds the Crawford wardrobe. On the road Miss Crawford, the perennial ciné-housewife, changes costumes six to 10 times a day.

"This is the workroom," she explained to a visitor, opening the door of the third bedroom. On the twin beds lay neat stacks of matching shoes, gloves, costume jewelry and purses. A closet bulged with a dozen fur coats and wraps; towers of hat boxes teetered in the corners of the room. Other closets were brimming with racks of evening gowns, street clothes and in-between dresses. In a corner Mamacita Brinke was busy at the ironing board.

More is involved on a Crawford tour than just arrangements for her

outsized wardrobe. The instructions also deal with "Special Preparations at Hotel":

The following special arrangements are required at each hotel. Use this check list very carefully; there may be no deviations.

a) A uniformed security officer is to be assigned to the door of the hotel suite 24 hours a day. You are not to use a city policeman and you are not to use the hotel detective. This security officer should be hired from Pinkerton or some similar organization. . . .

b) The following items are to be in the suite prior to Joan Crawford's arrival:

- i) Cracked ice in buckets—several buckets
- ii) Lunch and dinner menus
- iii) Pen and pencils and pads of paper
- iv) Professional-size hair dryer
- v) A tin of shaving cream
- vi) One carton of Alpine cigarettes
- vii) One bowl of peppermint Life Savers
- viii) Red and yellow roses
- ix) Case of Pepsi-Cola, ginger ale, soda

c) There is to be a maid on hand in the suite when Miss Crawford arrives at the hotel. She is to stand by until Miss Crawford dismisses her.

d) The following liquor is to be in the suite when Miss Crawford arrives:

- i) Two fifths of 100-proof Smirnoff vodka. *Note: This is not 80 proof and it is only Smirnoff.*
- ii) One fifth Old Forester bourbon
- iii) One fifth Chivas Regal Scotch
- iv) One fifth Beehive gin
- v) Two bottles Moët & Chandon champagne. (Type: Dom Pérignon) . . .

Left the local man get the idea that money is no object, the instructions contain the following sequence:

The detailed instructions . . . are to tell you how far you may go. They are very explicit for the precise purpose that we do not want money over and above that required for the details included here to be spent.

NO CASH ADVANCES ARE AUTHORIZED WITHOUT PRIOR APPROVAL.

NO "PAID-OUTS" EXCEPT AS INDICATED ABOVE ARE AUTHORIZED. NOTE: IN MOST CITIES IT WILL BE POSSIBLE TO "WORK A DEAL" FOR HOTEL AC-



Sitting at a coffee table in her hotel suite, just as the master tour plan requires, Miss Crawford talks to reporters in Boston.

COMMODOITIES REQUIRED. IT WILL BE TO YOUR CREDIT IF YOU CAN!

IMPORTANT: WATCH THE COSTS OF THIS TOUR. NEITHER MISS CRAWFORD NOR THIS OFFICE WILL APPRECIATE YOUR THROWING MONEY AWAY. YOU ARE ACCOUNTABLE FOR EVERY CENT YOU SPEND—WATCH IT!—AND SUBSTANTIATE IT!

Joan rarely leaves her hotel when she is on tour, and she does much of her work in her own suite. There she receives distinguished visitors, specially selected reporters and local bottlers. Maximum press contact and publicity must be achieved in the minimum time. This is foreseen in the section headed "Miss Crawford's Schedule":

There is a specific way of handling Miss Crawford's schedule in each market. The following detailed outline will provide you with all of the information you require to execute this schedule to the complete satisfaction of everyone. Any proposed deviation from this routine must be cleared with [Columbia Pictures' GHQ] first. Assume nothing, take nothing for granted.

a) Miss Crawford will not go to any radio, television studios or newspaper offices. Don't suggest it, don't request it.

b) Print a print media [e.g., newspapers and magazines] press conference for 10 a.m. Miss Crawford will sit on

a couch in front of a coffee table with chairs arranged in a half-moon around the couch and table.

c) *Orange* radio interviews for 10:30 or 11:50, depending on the number of reporters at the press conference. These radio interviews are to be set in the same suite (not Miss Crawford's). Arrange for a number of card tables with two chairs each for various places in the suite, and Miss Crawford will go from one to the other for exclusive radio interviews.

d) Television should be arranged for the same suite. They can be set up for 11:00 a.m. depending on the number of radio shows. Television lights and cameras can be set up back at the couch while Miss Crawford is doing her radio interviews from card table to card table.

e) **EXCLUSIVES:** When it is absolutely necessary, and when the person involved is of truly top stature, Miss Crawford will give an exclusive. . . . It is extremely important that you arrange events at the hotel exactly as outlined above. . . .

In a suite at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Boston, the radio reporters were assembled at card tables in one room, the newspaper reporters around a coffee table in the next, and the TV reporters and technicians with their lights and cameras in the third room—exactly as outlined in the instructions. Joan walked briskly from interview to interview, pausing only to check her lipstick and eyelashes between each session, answering questions sweetly or, rarely, with a flash of flint and steel ("I resent that. Pepsi is wonderful at 8 in the morning. I drink it for breakfast"), closing each interview with stop-watch precision ("Thank you so much," or "God love you").

Later, there was the exclusive interview, specified in Paragraph E, with Marjory Adams, a lady described as "the Lolly Parsons of Boston." Q: "You're not engaged?" A: "No. I have many men friends." Q: "No-body special?" A: "No."

When it was all over, Joan had raced through nine newspaper interviews, seven radio tapes, two TV tapes, one newswire. She had autographed 76 pictures and copies of her autobiography, and had posed for scores of pictures, including a group shot with a delegation of soldiers and Wacs from Fort Devens—all in a matter of three hours and nine minutes.

"What you saw today should have been done in one and a half hours," Joan said over a vodka-and-rocks after everyone had left.

If the whole thing seemed trivial, Joan's precision handling of the press has paid off handsomely for the movie. The exclusive interview yielded next day a column and a half of gushing publicity and a review of *Strait-Jacket* that was mild and moderate in contrast to what critics have said about it in other cities where it has been panned. Part-owner Crawford noted with gratification Variety's report that in Boston, *Strait-Jacket* grossed a "hotly \$20,000" in its first week.

Sometimes marching orders are not

adhered to and the Crawford schedule really slips. In Pittsburgh, plans went awry and Joan waded through a frantic marathon of exclusive interviews from 9 a.m. until 8 p.m. But next day she could arrive in Indianapolis confident that her reception, at least, would be up to standard. There is, after all, a set of instructions headed "Ground Transportation":

Miss Crawford will be met in an air-conditioned, chauffeur-driven, newly cleaned Cadillac limousine. Instruct your chauffeurs that they are not to smoke and that they may not at any time drive in excess of 40 miles an hour with Miss Crawford in the car.

Miss Crawford will be carrying a minimum of 15 pieces of luggage. Along with the limousine you will meet Miss Crawford's plane with a closed van for the luggage. Have with you a luggage handler who can accompany the van back to the hotel. It will be his task to take an inventory of the luggage as it comes off the plane and into the van, and as it is being brought into Miss Crawford's suite. There will be a few small items which will go with Miss Crawford in the limousine. Mr. Kelly will supervise this particular part of the operation. Luggage truck to follow limousine and remain within sight of limousine.

Every precaution should be taken to assure that none of the luggage is misplaced. Fifteen pieces is the estimated minimum. There may be considerably more [there was—twice the estimated amount] and it will be possible for confusion to result. Anticipate this problem and be absolutely certain that a careful inventory of all luggage is maintained at all times during the arrival and departure.

So far as is known, no item of Crawford luggage has ever been misplaced. The marvelously detailed travel specifications work superbly well overall. But they cannot foresee everything. They did not, for instance, prevent Miss Crawford from looking out of her window in Philadelphia's Bellevue Stratford Hotel for the first time and discovering that the view was dominated by a giant Coca-Cola sign. She drew the curtains. Nor did they anticipate that Italy's President Segni would be due in Philadelphia at the same time as she. Joan took the second-best suite in the hotel. Nor did the planning allow for the blizzard that forced the entourage to picnic on the train. But of course, the planners could be considered as emergency kits for even that eventuality.

Fittingly enough, perhaps the finest passages of the instructions are reserved for Miss Crawford's clagoracious flashes, in which the fiscal fist of steel flashes from beneath the mink wrap:

Miss Crawford is a star in every sense of the word; and everyone knows she is a star. As a partner in this film, Miss Crawford will not appreciate your throwing away money on empty gestures. You do not intend to make empty gestures to prove to Miss Crawford or anyone else that she is a star of the first magnitude.



Want to know what all the shouting's about? Have some fresh frozen Florida orange juice (otherwise known as O.J.) sometime *besides* breakfast. Like with popcorn or pretzels, when you're rooting for your favorite team on TV. Or with a friendly hand of pinocle when neighbors drop in. There's something about O.J.'s fresh true-juice flavor that makes the most of good things and good times. (Its natural vitamin C makes for good health, too!) So don't wait until morning to have a glass. Why not relax with a tumblersful while you finish this magazine? Just make sure it's *genuine* orange juice and not some weak, watery impostor.

100% FLORIDA CITRUS CORNBLOSSOM LABELERS FLORIDA

Nothing else takes the place of orange juice

THE REAL THING FROM FLORIDA





Model WA-125T

Only the G-E big-capacity washer has Mini-Basket for "handwashables"

This is a washer for all your washables. Large wash-basket gets big 12-lb. family loads truly clean. And MINI-BASKET* takes care of lacy slips, blouses, sweaters, all the "handwashables" you never dared machine-wash before.

MINI-BASKET fits neatly onto the Activator* inside the washer. It is part of the MINI-WASH* system, which has separate speeds and controls. Gentle

washing action for delicate things, normal action for little leftover loads of regular laundry. And it uses about one-fourth the water the big basket does.

General Electric's Filter-Flo® System makes everything come out fresh and clean. In both baskets, lint-fuzz is trapped in the filter, not on your clothes. See this remarkable washer now at your General Electric dealer's.



Don't touch this dirty oven...



Just set dials, latch the door...



It cleans itself electrically.

It's General Electric's exclusive P-7, the oven that cleans itself electrically. These three pictures show how the master oven of the new Americana® range does all your dirty work by itself. You don't use any cleanser. No liquids, no

pastes, no fumes. Just set dials, latch door. Crusted-on pie juices, cheese spillings, roast drippings—all disappear. Even in ridges and between coils, your P-7 oven turns out new-clean, every time. Model shown J-796

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Manufactured by the General Electric Company, Radio Appliance Division, Louisville 2, KY.



Series 80 diesel tilt-cab tractor with 40-ft. semi-trailer.



Series 80 tandem with 409 V8 engine and 10-cu.-yd. dump body.



Series 80 diesel tandem with 6-cu.-yd. concrete mixer.



Series 60 trailing-axle tandem with 292-cu.-in. Six engine and 16-ft. platform body.

CHEVROLET

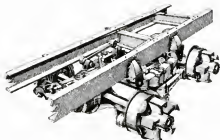
NOW CHEVROLETS CAN DO MORE HEAVYWEIGHT JOBS

New models and heavier duty options give more operators all the capacity they need at minimum cost

Remember when Chevrolet made mostly lighter trucks?

Now look at the size of some of them. Not the world's biggest, no. But big enough to handle a lot of work that used to force you into more expensive trucks than you needed. More expensive to buy. More expensive to operate.

In recent years Chevrolet has added many new types of heavier duty models to the line and a number of significant big-payload extra-cost options. For example:



34,000-LB. AXLES

You can equip Chevrolet tandem axle models now (either gas or diesel) with the highly regarded 34,000-lb. Hendrickson bogie and Eaton axles, geared to your choice of engine. Its inter-axle differential with electric lock-out control gives you extra bite on soft ground, but allows easy running on hard. Single-axle Chevrolets are available with new 23,000-lb. rear axle—both single- and 2-speed versions.



11,000-LB. FRONT AXLES

And up front you can have big 9,000-lb. or 11,000-lb. I-beam axles—power steering included with the bigger axle. Front and rear variable-rate springs match axle capacities.



ROADRANGER TRANSMISSIONS

The Chevrolet line of transmissions has been extended to include extra-heavy 5-speed Spicer gearboxes and the multi-speed Fuller RoadRangers. Long haul operators should be glad to know this.

AUXILIARY TRANSMISSIONS

For very tough off-road work, tandem users can get 3- or 4-speed auxiliary transmissions to give you the extra pulling power needed, for example, to come up out of loading pits without straining.



409 V8 GAS



V6 DIESEL

Top sizes of Chevrolet truck engines are the 409-cu.-in. V8 gasoline and the modern 2-cycle Chevy-GM 6V-53 Diesel. Both of these engines have proved their ability, on and off the road, to handle almost any heavy-duty work.

POWER STEERING

Power steering takes a lot of the sweat out of handling a big truck and adds immeasurably to operating safety. You can have it on any Chevrolet heavyweight.

FULL-AIR BRAKES



Chevrolet factory-installs full-air brake systems, trailer brake connections, and offers compressors with capacities up to 12 cubic feet.

These are some of the things Chevrolet has done recently to let you handle more heavyweight work without having to over-buy equipment. For complete information, call your Chevrolet dealer. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

QUALITY TRUCKS COST LESS!

Telephone your Chevrolet dealer about any type of truck

This is what a moisturized
make-up does for you:
It gives you a softness...
a new, dewy beauty.



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SAYS "MADE-UP"
EVERYTHING SAYS
"YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL"

With the touch of your fingertips, Hi-Fi fluid make-up glides on your face so delicately that it never looks applied. Yet it covers completely with a rich, sheer loveliness. Suddenly, your face looks natural... soft... dewy. The luxurious formula of Hi-Fi includes moisturizers and beauty oils for complexion softness. It never streaks or changes color. There are nine perfectly natural complexion shades.



HI-FI FLUID MAKE-UP
by MAX FACTOR

the authority in the exciting world of beauty





Relaxation, Nassau-style, has many moods. Above: native fire-dancing.

PHOTO BY CARROLL BOKERS II

You can kind of let your hair down in the Bahamas

Why settle for the same old vacation this summer when you can holiday in style in carefree Nassau?

Our sea-conditioned islands are just as delightfully balmy in summer as in winter. Only difference is, rates in our smart hotels and informal guest houses drop about one third, starting April 15.

Among your souvenirs will be years full of memories. Of courtly, old-world charm. Of endless beaches the texture of sifted flour. Of cotton-tufted skies and crystal seas. Of sight-seeing ancient byways. Of boating, fishing, golfing and skin-diving. Old Nassau Town is a lively, frolicsome city where

nighttime's gayety frequently lasts till dawn. Begin it with cocktails on the terrace of your hotel and end it "over the hill," dancing to the goombay beat in a native club. Exhausting maybe, but unforgettable.

The Bahamas are so close. Just 2½ hours away by air from New York, just minutes from Florida. Cruise liners sail it from New York in 2½ days, from Miami overnight. Let yourself go for a change! See your Travel Agent. And mail the coupon.

P.S. Visiting the New York World's Fair? It's easy to go on down to Nassau right from New York. No passport, no red tape.

Nassau AND THE Bahamas

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BY SEA: From New York, 7-day cruises (2 days and a night in Nassau). The M.S. Italia sails Saturdays at 4 P.M. through April 18 from \$175. The S.S. Homeric sails Saturdays at 4 P.M. starting April 25 from \$175. Home Lines, 42 Broadway, New York 4. From Miami—3-day, all-expense cruises (2 days and a night in Nassau). The S.S. Bahama Star sails each Monday and Friday at 5 P.M. from \$54. Eastern Steamship Corp., Miami 1.

BY AIR: Direct, daily flights from New York (2½ hours); Miami (as little as 30 minutes) and other principal Florida cities. Direct service from Toronto and Montreal.

Is Sprite just another mixer? Or will its subtle, natural tartness do something entirely new for long drinks?

Think of a good, long, ice-cold whiskey and soda. Now think of the same thing with just a touch of dry, natural tartness and that's whiskey and Sprite. Doesn't that sound like a refreshing change from the usual run of heavily-flavored mixers? Doesn't that sound like something you might enjoy? O.K., so try adding Sprite to a jigger of whiskey (or gin or vodka), some ice and the juice of half a lemon. Taste the whiskey? Taste the tartness? And doesn't it make a really nice drink?



We'd like to clear up some misconceptions we may have been guilty of fostering.

A number of people have asked us how we get away with advertising Volvo as America's biggest selling imported compact car when everybody *knows* that Volkswagen is America's biggest selling imported compact car.



VOLKSWAGEN



VOLVO 544

The answer is simple. Volkswagen is not a compact. It's an economy car. VW is built small to carry you from here to there at the least possible cost. Volvo is built *family-size* to carry you from here to there at the least possible cost.

VW does its job so well it gives you over 25 miles to a gallon. Volvo does its job so well it also gives you over 25 miles to a gallon. VW is built so well that used ones sell for nearly as much as new ones. Volvo is built so well you have trouble finding a used one. So much for misconception number one.

Misconception number two is price. Far too many people (for our comfort) think a Volvo costs quite a bit more than a Corvair, Falcon or Valiant compact. Valiant, the lowest priced of the three, lists at \$1910, for example. The lowest priced Volvo lists at \$2330*.

But unless you add a four-speed synchromesh transmission, bucket seats, safety belts, padded dash and padded sun visors, dual

carburetors, whitewalls, undercoating and a few other things to a Valiant it won't have what a Volvo's got.

And when you do add those things you won't get a Valiant for any \$1910. It'll be right along with Volvo in price. The only thing is, it won't be right along with Volvo in performance. But then, neither is the Falcon or Corvair. A Volvo will out-accelerate all three of these cars in every speed range.

Which brings us to misconception number three: A high-performance engine needs a lot of care. We'll let Sports Car Graphic, authoritative automotive magazine answer that one. "Project Volvo came off the dynamometer at the Autolite Test Facility after one of the most severe tests we have ever put a Project engine through. Perhaps the foremost bit of education we acquired was learning that the Volvo B-18 engine is one of the most, if not THE most, reliable, rugged and unbreakable car engines being built today."

And now a word about the Volvo 1800S. We don't think there are any misconceptions about the 1800S because it's pretty much in a class by itself. As Road & Track, another authoritative automotive magazine puts it, "The 1800S is a very civilized touring car for people who want to travel rapidly in style, a Gran Turismo car of the type much in the news these days—but at a price that many



FERRARI



ASTON MARTIN



CORVAIR



FALCON



VOLVO 1800S



VALIANT



VOLVO 122S


people who cannot afford a Ferrari or Aston Martin will be able to pay." You pay over \$10,000 for a Ferrari or an Aston Martin. You pay \$3995* for a Volvo 1800S. Can you see \$6,005 worth of difference? (Neither will anyone else.)

Your Volvo dealer will be happy to have you take one of his cars out for a drive on your own.

And we promise right here and now that the next Volvo advertisement is going to be shorter. All we plan to talk about is how Volvos are driven an average of 11 years in Sweden before they're traded in.



*MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE EAST COAST POE. OVERSEAS DELIVERY AVAILABLE. SEE THE YELLOW PAGES FOR THE DEALER NEAREST YOU.



We're
on our way
up
in the world.

In our view, it couldn't have happened to a nicer bourbon.

We were minding our business (which was none too big at the time), when suddenly a lot of people started asking for Antique Bourbon.

The only reason we can think of is that they must have tasted it. And liked its full flavor.

Older folks tell us we've recaptured the character of the great pre-Prohibition bourbons.

If we have, it's no accident. We have a very old-fashioned attitude.

We go right out to the corncribs to select the ears we prefer. (Not too moist, mind you.)

We heat our sour mash gently. Never over 212 degrees. So there's no danger of harshness.

We could turn out whiskey faster, if we took less trouble.

But we're sure you wouldn't want us to, once you've tasted it.

LIFE GUIDE

Track Events

THE SPRINTS. In the 100 meters, the man to watch is Florida A&M's *Bob Hayes*. Although Hayes runs like a muscular halfback (which he is) and is the world's slowest dwindle (according to his mother), he is probably without peer as a sprinter. In the 200 meters, Arizona State's *Henry Carr* has the graceful habit of moving out ahead of the competition like a clipper ship sailing before the wind. Japanese cinders shouldn't cramp his classic style any more than the cinders at Tempe, Ariz., where he ran the 200 in 20.3 seconds to set the world's record. One of the toughest events in track is the 400 meters. Its top American practitioners are *Adolph Plummer*, a New Mexico University graduate who packs 185 pounds on a 6-foot, 4-inch frame, and *Urs Williams* of Arizona State, the Mr. Magoo of track, who is so nearsighted that he must be last on a relay team or run the risk of misplacing the baton.

THE MIDDLE DISTANCES. At 800 meters put aside national pride when you make up your form sheet: the two best runners on display here will be from other countries. One, *Bill Crothers*, is a Canadian pharmacist. The other, *Noel Carroll*, is an Irishman at Villanova. But don't underestimate such men as *Jim Dupree*, A.A.U. champion in 1961, *Morgan Greth* and *Norm Hoffmann* of Oregon State, and *Sorel Haus* of Occidental College. In the metric mile (1,500 meters), which the U.S. has not won since 1908, a rising young black executive named *Cary Weinger* is heralded by his colleagues as a miller most likely to succeed. Also very much in the running are *Daryl Burkson*, the A.A.U. champ, and Chicago Loyola's *Tom O'Hara*, a lanky red-head who looks as though he might come unglued when he runs.

THE LONG DISTANCES. Despite a lot of effort the U.S. is still a couple of giant steps behind European standards. *Jim Beatty* of Raleigh, N.C., a dapper little distance man with a track suit full of courage, about as our best at 5,000 meters. But don't overlook *Vic Zvolak* of Villanova and *Gerry Lindgren*, a 17-year-old newcomer to this older man's sport. Like the metric mile, the marathon (26 miles, 385 yards) has been a disaster area since 1908. Our two best prospects are *Buddy Edelen* and *Pete McArdle*. Edelen has won major races while teaching in England. McArdle, an Irishman by birth and an American by choice—is a 34-year-old New York bus mechanic.

THE HURDLES. If Americans have found long distances disastrous in the past, they have usually made amends

The fiber-glass pole makes astromus of athletes

by devouring the hurdles like hot cakes. *Hayes Jones* of Detroit, third in Rome at 110 meters, and *Ray Cowley* of Los Angeles, who failed to make the team, are the best of our hurdlers. In the steeplechase, a kind of long-winded (1,000 meters) hurdles race with a water jump added, keep an eye on a high school Latin teacher named *Pur Travnor* and *Jeff Fishback*, the Pan American champ.

Field Events

JUMPING. Always the most spectacular of the field events, the pole vault has been down-right grotesque since the introduction of the fiberglass twistie stick. So far, the top (but often erratic) U.S. vaulter has been *John Pempel*, first 17-foot jumper and handsome of field competitors. Among other fine vaulters, pay heed to *Ron Morris* of Los Angeles and German-born *John Uehls* of La Salle College.

In the broad jump a Tennessee State graduate biochemistry student named *Ralph Boston*, who won a gold medal in Rome, should lead the U.S. Top Americans in a high-jump field that will face stratospheric competition in Tokyo probably will be *John Thomas* of Boston, *Patt Staber* of the University of Oregon and *Gene Johnson* of Berkeley, Calif. A large hop, a giant step and a broad jump make up what is just about the most technically difficult of the field events—the triple jump. *Kent Florker*, national A.A.U. champ, and *Bill Sharpe*, a Philadelphia policeman, are our best jumpers.

THROWING. Want to win a free trip to Tokyo? Take a 16-pound ball of cast metal, hold it under your chin for several seconds, and let fly. If it goes over 60 feet, call the Olympic Committee and tell 'em you're a whale. Among the shot-putting whales the committee already knows about are *Dwaine Lonte*, a 250-pound dental student, and *Gary*

Gahner, *Randy Matsuo*, *Dave Davis* and *W. Parry O'Brien*, a two-time gold medal winner. In the discus throw *Al Carter*, a slope-shouldered Grumman Aircraft programmer, will be after his third gold medal. *Harold Connolly*, who is teaching in Finland, won the jolting hammer throw at Melbourne and is the world's record holder. The U.S. has captured the javelin throw—track's most beautiful event—only once (1952). But we will try, try again, and will likely rely on the rainbow tosses of *Frank Covelli* of Arizona State and *Larry Smart*, the A.A.U. champ.

Schedule of Meets

INDOOR. Feb. 22, Nat'l A.A.U. N.Y.; 27, N.Y. Knights of Columbus Games; 28-29, Big Eight, Kansas City, Mo.; 29, Hoptons, Ithaca, N.Y.; and Central Collegiate, Kalamazoo, Mich.

March 6, Chicago Daily News Relays; 6-7, Big Ten, Columbus, Ohio; 7, ICA, N.Y.; and Milwaukee Journal Games; 14, Cleveland Knights of Columbus Games and Atlantic Coast Conf., Chapel Hill, N.C.

OUTDOOR. March 28, Florida Relays, Gainesville; Apr. 4, Texas Relays, Austin; 17-18, Kansas Relays, Lawrence; 24-25, Penn Relays at Philadelphia, Drake Relays in Des Moines and Mount San Antonio Relays in Walnut, Calif.; 30-Mar. 2, Marine Corps Relays, Quantico, Va.

May 9-8, West Coast Relays in Fresno, Calif. and Atlantic Coast Conf. in College Park, Md.; 15, Coliseum Relays, Los Angeles; 15-16, Big Eight, Stillwater, Okla.; 17, Hoptons, New Haven, Conn.; 22-23, Big Ten, Evanston, Ill.; Western Athletic Conf. in Lake City, Utah; 22, Big Six, Los Angeles; California Relays, Modesto; 29-30, ICA, Villanova, Pa. June 5, Compcon Relays, Compcon, Calif.; 5-6, Inter-Serve, Quantico, Va. and N.A.I.A., Sioux Falls, S.D.;

Olympic hopefuls and where to see them; festivals, art shows

With the Olympic Winter Games over, now is the time for fans as well as athletes to start warming up for October's Olympic showdown in Tokyo. In 1956 at Melbourne the U.S. made one of its best showings—and four years later, at Rome, one of its worst. All over America athletes are out to erase the humiliation—and are shooting for the Olympic trials in New York next July and Los Angeles in September. To help you get acquainted with those in the running, the Guide scans the roster of stars and lists the upcoming track and field meets where they can be seen in action.

6, Central Collegiate, South Bend, Ind.; 12-13, U.S.T.F.F., Corvallis, Ore. and N.C.A.A. College Division, Fresno; 18-20, N.C.A.A., Eugene, Ore.; 27-28, National A.A.U., New Brunswick, N.J.

July 3-4, N.Y. Olympic Trials; 9-11, Women's National A.A.U., Hanford, Calif.; 25-26, U.S.A. vs. U.S.S.R., Los Angeles Coliseum; Aug. 7-8, Women's Olympic Trials, N.Y.; Sept. 12-13, Los Angeles Olympic Trials.

Art

NEW YORK. Thirty contemporary American prints, chosen by the Print Council of America for a European tour under U.S.A. auspices, have their only U.S. showing, now through March 13, at New York City's IBM Gallery. Artists include Joseph Albers, Leonard Baskin, John Paul Jones and Jacob Landau.

PENNSYLVANIA. Intricate and elongated on sculptures by David Smith are on exhibit at Philadelphia's Institute of Contemporary Art at the University of Pennsylvania, now through March 17. The show spans Smith's '60-'63 output which captures the human figure in relaxed motion. Drawings by the artist are also displayed.

Festivals

FLORIDA. Shrimp steams, shrimp rolls, the blessing of the shrimp fleet, fishing contests, fish fries and fishy parades are all part of the week-long Island Shrimp Festival that starts Feb. 24 at Fort Myers Beach.

NORTH CAROLINA. Eight hundred hounds and 3,000 spectators give chase in the 3rd annual Washington's Birthday Fox Roundup at Long Beach, Feb. 21, 22. "Huntmen" follow the hounds in jeeps and cars, then feast at the finish on chowder.

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Right now take advantage of impressive savings on Rexall's famous 11 vitamin-10 mineral formula. You save, as always, when you buy the big 365-tablet bottle for your family—and Rexall gives you a big bonus, a second bottle of 144 tablets.

One tablet a day provides all the vitamins normally needed—plus valuable minerals! So buy the big combination now... save as never before. A wonderful value!

SUPER PLENAMINS FOR CHILDREN

Specially formulated in tablets for children 6 to 12, and easy-to-take liquid for children 1 to 6. Contains all the vitamins normally needed for nutrition. Choose from the following sizes: 16-oz. liquid, \$9.95; 8-oz. liquid, \$3.75; 144 tablets, \$5.49; 72 tablets, \$3.29; 36 tablets, \$1.79.

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72-tablet bottle... \$ 4.79
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NEW! REXALL CHEWABLE ASPIRIN

At last! A full strength, 3-grain aspirin tablet you can chew. Has a pleasant fruit-like flavor you'll like. Bottle of 100... \$1.19

74¢

NEW! REXALL PAIN RELIEF BALM

Soothing new balm offers temporary relief from minor aches and pains of rheumatism, arthritis. Smooths on so easily... non-greasy... won't stain. **89¢**

NEW! REXALL MEDICATED INHALANT

Now take a breather from stuffy nose and other cold symptoms. Just add a pan of hot water, your bath, or use with electric vaporizer. **93¢**

REXALL SUPER ANAPAC THROAT LOZENGES

Helps soothe, relieve minor throat irritations due to colds. Contain D-Methorphan—calms urge to cough! **98¢**

Viol. of 12's

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DAY AND NIGHT COLD TABLETS, for relief that starts in minutes and lasts up to 12 hours. 20 tablets... **79¢**

SUPER ANAPAC NASAL SPRAY, tri-action formula helps clear the discomforts of stuffed-up nose... **98¢**

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BISMA-REX POWDER for fast, prolonged relief of acid-upset stomach. Pink or White, 5-oz. size... **94¢**

BISMA-REX MINTS for take-with-you relief. 75's... **94¢**

FEVER THERMOMETERS, oral or sub. Guaranteed. **79¢**

REXALL THRU actually penetrates skin to kill muscle pain fast. Cooling liquid, warming liniment, 6-oz., \$2.98; 2-oz. size, \$1.49; guarantee 2nd form. 2-oz., \$1.49

SPECIALS ON KANTLEEX RUBBER PRODUCTS

NET WATER BOTTLE, 2-bat, 2-qt., reg. \$4.29, **\$2.99**

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Fight your cold in two 12-hour shifts REXALL TIMED ACTION COLD CAPSULES



Just one Rexall capsule every 12 hours can give you all-night, all-day relief from cold miseries. Each capsule contains hundreds of tiny pellets of medication that dissolve at timed intervals to give you up to 12 hours of blessed relief.

Helps everywhere a cold hurts!

REXALL SUPER ANAPAC 24 tablets
At the first sniffle, 7 powerful ingredients work fast to give all-over relief from cold symptoms. **98¢**



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WIN! A 15-VOLUME SET OF **BRITANNICA JR. ENCYCLOPAEDIA**

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BONUS PRIZES of Britannica's 12-volume True-to-Life Book sets go to winners who qualify. Don't wait... get your entry blank with complete rules at your Rexall Store right now!

REXALL MELTAMINS JR.
The only chewable multi-vitamin with valuable liver and iron. They taste like candy... are sugar-free! Enter the Sweepstakes now!

\$5000 IN PRIZES FREE!

Control all 4 kinds of cold miseries!

NEW! REXALL CONTROLD MEDICATED LIQUID

Good-tasting liquid goes to work fast to bring relief from all four kinds of cold miseries. Keep your cold under control. 6-oz. size... **\$1.49**

3-oz. 93¢

Medicated Room Spray!

REXALL VAPURE

Now! Pushbutton relief from nasal congestion due to colds, minor bronchial irritation, nighttime coughing. No more... just a wonderful medicated mist. 12-oz. size... **\$1.59**

7-oz. \$1.19

YOUR MONEY BUYS MORE

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Never gulps gas. Just sips it: 185 miles to the gallon. The 50cc, 4-stroke engine handles 50 mph with quiet assurance.

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Allstate® Auto Insurance
Founded by Sears

On one of the Chicago Area's busiest expressways, this "Good Hands" sign reminds drivers that here is one of Allstate's 1,500 easy-to-get-at service locations throughout the U. S. and Canada.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

THE BEATLES

Sirs:

I think the best adjective to describe the Beatles (Jan. 31) is "Unbeatable." They aren't a "fad." They aren't just singers. Their young, innocent, honest beat reflects their effervescent characters. Singing is their way of expressing how much they love people and humanity. They think of the good things in life and that is why I admire them.

ASTRID MACCREADIE
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

A bookful of adjectives could never describe their fantastic, heart-stopping music.

PAM YIO
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

After surviving two World Wars this country is about to be invaded by a group who call themselves the Beatles. It makes one wonder if it was worth it all.

MILO VETICH
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

While driving home on the freeway today, I turned on the car radio and heard the Beatles. Tomorrow, I intend to have the radio removed from the car!

DENNIS R. HENDLEY
Milwaukee, Wis.

Sirs:

I am a native Californian and I have "open pals" in England who keep me in touch with what's going on there. So I can tell you that you are in error calling jelly babies jelly beans! The candy comes in a packet (box) and is commercially called "Jelly Babies." The candy is of jelly bean substance covered with powdered sugar and each baby is a different color. Each piece is shaped like a baby... therefore the name "Jelly Babies." My sister and I think they are smashing (great) but they are a bit rubbery.

KAREN BIDDING
Palo Alto, Calif.

Sirs:

Your Editors' Note on the Beatles was excellent. It will surely show our parents that we are not unique in our frenzy. They've had theirs, too!

AUCIE HINDELSTEIN
New York, N.Y.

ROBERT KENNEDY
Sirs:
Hugh Sidey's "Journey out of Grid" (Jan. 31) awoke in me the realization that many of us have taken Robert

Kennedy very much for granted. Because of his strength and restraint, he has been almost overlooked.

Robert Kennedy has shown himself to the nation in a most noble light.

MILLIE ICKOW
Elmer, N.J.

WHAT IS DALLAS?

Sirs:

Dallas is certainly not without faults, but it is astounding how consistently many honorable men—for they are honorable men—miss the essence of the phenomenon they criticize (Jan. 31).

The essential element of Dallas is COOPERATION. Promotion, boosterism, has certainly been, here as elsewhere. These have simply been means; they were given meaning only through cooperation.

The city's success, based upon the free enterprise approach, is an affront to those who hold that central bureaucratic planning is the only way. Perhaps other communities should turn back the clock and discover the wonders that are possible under a leadership of thoughtful cooperating free enterprisers.

MELVILLE M. MERCER
Dallas, Texas

Sirs:

I grew up near Dallas, and we were proud of the bustling city that brought industry to our area.

My brother was a Dallas Baptist teacher of great tolerance, not a fundamentalist. He knew there were shades of gray. My son is a Dallas reporter whose voice choked while announcing the death of our President.

Many forget both the accused assassin and his killer were nurtured elsewhere. But native Texans do not forget, because they know what Dallas is really like.

MRS. ROBERT S. HUFFAKER
Bryan, Texas

Sirs:

Your article asking what kind of place is Dallas was very fair to our city. Perhaps too. Unfortunately soul-searching has passed, if indeed it was ever present.

CARL BROWN
Dallas, Texas

LIBERAL ARTS

Sirs:

In your editorial of Jan. 31, Jacques Barzun of Columbia speaks of "the dead or dying" liberal arts tradition. It shouldn't be too hard to see why this is so. Both business and government

demand "specialized specialists." Even a general business grad is at a disadvantage but not nearly so much as the liberal arts grad. He may notice in his rounds of interviews that many employers look upon his four years of general study at college as time wasted.

A. FRANCES FLEMING
Milwaukee, Ore.

Sirs:

This country was not founded nor built nor will it remain in its present state unless we have a continued stress on the liberal arts education and effect.

Common sense is becoming a rarity among the college graduates I have recently interviewed for jobs and yet this is the prime requirement, perhaps even in the technocratic anthill you describe, for success in business.

JULIAN L. AIKEN
Atlanta, Ga.

VALLEY OF POVERTY

Sirs:

Your picture essay on "The Valley of Poverty" was truly great. In only 12 pages you showed so vividly in pictures and words the human tragedy King Coal has left behind in eastern Kentucky.

As a salesman calling on grocers in this area, I can attest to Mr. Caudill's statements that these hollows of eastern Kentucky and southwest Virginia are "paleface reservations." To drive through the empty coal camps in eastern Kentucky in Harlan County and in Wise County of southwest Virginia is an experience depressing beyond description.

A personal tour of this area is the best antidote one can prescribe for those of our citizenry who feel President Johnson's "War on Poverty" is just unnecessary spending.

NEIL F. SCHWARZ
Johnson City, Tenn.

Sirs:

It seems the people in Appalachia would be much better off not having children in such quantities. I hope some of the tax money will go toward educating them to that fact.

MRS. GUENTHER SELIG
Skokie, Ill.

Sirs:

"The Valley of Poverty" in your issue of Jan. 31 was a most moving experience.

Mr. Dominis has captured with his photographs something which could not be said in words. The message of despair can only be written in a person's face.

JACK MORRISON
Chester, Pa.

GREAT DINNER: PABELLA

Sirs:

Just a note of appreciation for your new "festive dinner" series. Being pretty bored with my own batch of recipes, I served the whole dinner this past Saturday and earned an instant reputation as a gourmet cook, hitherto unmerited.

ELIZABETH W. KARTER
Norwalk, Conn.

Sirs:

The wonderful recipe for Spanish pabellón was tried and it was simply fabulous!

GLORIA EFFRON
San Diego, Calif.

Sirs:

An excellent recipe for pabellón but I must take exception to the direction that shrimps may be peeled ahead. *Never, never* peel the shrimp and allow all the juices to escape.

SYLVIA ROSEN
New York, N.Y.

► If shrimp is unpeeled, flavor is kept in the shell. But if shrimp is peeled it flavors the whole pabellón—and is far more convenient to eat.—ED.

ROY LICHTENSTEIN

Sirs:

I wish to commend you for your interesting and objective article on the art of Roy Lichtenstein (Jan. 31). I think it of great interest to comment on leading contemporary artists and thought your treatment of so controversial a figure as Mr. Lichtenstein to be most rational.

WILLIAM MACLEOD ITTMANN
Lawrence, Kans.

Sirs:

In response to your headline query on page 79, Jan. 31 issue of LIFE, "Is He the Worst Artist in U.S.?" may I reassure you with a firm "no."

He is not an artist at all.
ERIC ALDWINCKLE
Toronto, Canada

ESKIMOS GET COSMETICS

Sirs:

Your special report on "Eskimos Get the Make-up Message" in the Jan. 31 issue is truly amazing.

The article proves a woman, if given half a chance, is willing to try and better herself.

EVELYN J. BOYO
Concord, Calif.

IN NEXT WEEK'S

LIFE

COMING SOON

THEODORE H. WHITE
writes about
WILLIAM SCRANTON:

his background,
strong and weak points and
his chances of winning
the Republican nomination

NIFTY NEW WAYS TO
UNCLUTTER CLOSETS

**SPY-MASTER WHO
NEVER WAS**

A mild civil servant wrote best-selling
'Spy Who Came in from the Cold'

The Private
and Public Life
of
ELIZABETH II
The mother and wife who is
Britain's
reigning monarch

No one needs to wear falsies anymore.



New Fabulash (with our exclusive secret) makes eyelashes look just as long as 'false' eyelashes...but twice as true! Brush it on! Instantly, your lashes are longer...silky-dark...so natural looking. And only Revlon gives you a separate 'super-lengthener'...the secret for longer, even longer lashes—non-stop lashes! No fooling. It's Fabulash!



'Fabulash' by Revlon

new! lash lengthener and mascara in one (with a secret that grows on you).

How Kroehler builds sofas and chairs to withstand Indian uprisings

If the joints on a sofa frame are the least bit loose, it takes very little to make them looser. For instance, if you have a couple of little Indians who wiggle around on the sofa, and get up and sit back down, that's all it takes. Every little Indian uprising hastens the creaking and sagging that's sure to come.

Kroehler makes tight sofa frames. We use the finest hardwood and bake every piece to control shrinkage. We join the frame pieces with two dowels (never just one) and cross-reinforce them with fitted braces bonded in place with both screws and glue. The spring units, installed so that they also reinforce the frame, are supported on steel bands

which add still more strength and stability.

It's facts like this (and many of them) that add up to this one big fact: *More people choose Kroehler for their homes than any other brand of furniture in the world.*

The Old World Collection by Kroehler

The sofa and chair below identify with the past in styling, but are brought dramatically up-to-date with luxurious comfort and wide fabric choice. The sofas, sectionals and chairs of the *Old World Collection* are complete groupings of French and Italian Provincial designs. Other inspired collections from the Kroehler Design Center are *Cape Cod* (Early American), *Classic* (Traditional),

Avant (Contemporary), *Galaxy* (Modern), and *Valentine Seaver* (Contemporary and Traditional). Sold at good stores everywhere.

Kroehler Mfg. Co., Naperville, Illinois.

In Canada: Stratford, Ontario.



This traditional-style Valentine Seaver sofa by Kroehler has notable dignity of line and offers a choice of most impressive fabrics. It is engineered for lasting comfort.

Like all Kroehler upholstered pieces, the *Old World Collection* is available in fabrics protected by Scotchgard®. They repel oil-borne and water-borne stains, and resist soil from dust and everyday use. They keep their clean, fresh look almost indefinitely.



KROEHLER

Say "Kroy-ler"



chosen by more people than any other brand of furniture in the world



The more your family needs you,



Model Shown, Mobile Maid SM500Y

the more you need a General Electric Dishwasher

The demands on a wife-and-mother's time never stop. There's always shopping to be done, jokes to be laughed at, hurt feelings to be soothed.

This General Electric Dishwasher can free you for the "mother jobs" no machine can do. And its unique four-level action does the whole dishwashing chore. You don't



scrape. You don't even pre-rinse. Just tilt off the large or hard scraps—and your part of the dishwashing is done.

Here's how this exclusive washing system works: Power Shower (1) washes down. Power Tower (2) washes up. Power Arm (3) washes all around. And Flushaway Drain (4) liquefies soft particles and carries them off down the drain before the rinse cycle.

Your dishes come out sparkling clean—more

germ-free than you could possibly get them by hand.

General Electric's Faucet-Flo lets you use the hot and cold taps while the machine is running.

Your General Electric dealer will be glad to show you his complete line of dishwashers—portables, built-ins, even a convertible model.

One's sure to be right for your budget and your family.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

LIFE

Vol. 58 No. 8 February 21, 1964

As Ruby goes to trial,
the question
before the court:

**WAS
THIS
MAN
SANE?**



The thoughts of a man who has committed a singular and terrible act of violence can only be guessed at—never known. This extraordinary picture of Jack Ruby was taken as he was leaving jail for pretrial tests by doctors to examine the physical and mental condition of the man who shot Lee Harvey Oswald, whose own bizarre story is told in remarkable detail beginning on page 68A.

As the hearings that preceded Jack Ruby's trial began last week in Dallas, there was no possible doubt that he fired the bullet that ended Oswald's life. Millions saw him do it on television—and this fact alone could make it difficult to find 12 jurors who themselves were not eyewitnesses. Even with the fact of the shooting so clearly established, the case is by no means open and shut. Its very strangeness has given the cue to Ruby's defense lawyers—headed by Melvin Belli, a Californian with a fantastic record of courtroom victories. Under Texas law, they can win acquittal if they can prove that Ruby was insane at the time of the killing. This is their intent. They must proceed according to strict and long-standing legal rules (*see pp. 30-31*). If the jury finds Ruby not guilty on grounds of insanity, he could go to a mental institution—or go scot-free. The prosecution has a classically simple case. "We think it is a case of cold-blooded, calculated murder," said the district attorney, "and we are going for the death penalty."

THE ACCUSED. Before pretrial maneuvers, Ruby stands in place of a flabber, which, fired up close, often make a subject look popped.



ONE SHOT LIFTED THE VEIL ON A SHADY LIFE



IN UNIFORM. On leave from his duties with Army Air Forces in 1944, Ruby held hands with a lady friend.



SONG-AND-DANCE MAN. Manager for a dancer named Sugar Daddy (right), Ruby cut a rug about 1957.



HIS SISTER. Eva Grant, who also lives in Dallas, works for Jack as manager of one of his two nightclubs.



HIS BROTHER. Earl Ruby, a Detroit dry cleaner, talked to the press with his wife after Jack killed Oswald.



THE DEED. This dramatic photograph was taken as Ruby rushed toward Oswald and his escorts, a split

second before he fired the fatal shot. Ruby had a Dallas record of two arrests for carrying a concealed weapon.





STRIP-TEASE BOSS. A week before the assassination of President Kennedy, Ruby sat in the office of his

Dallas nightclub, the Carousel, basking in the attention of two of his strippers. For Ruby, who came from

his hometown Chicago to Dallas in 1948, the success of his nightclub was the culmination of a life of shabby

jobs in show business and the fringes of the underworld. He liked to brag about roughing up unruly customers.

DEFENDANT RUBY WILL MEET THE GHOST OF

by ERNEST HAVEMANN

Of all the strange matters sure to come up in the trial of Jack Ruby, none can possibly be stranger than the story of a long-dead Scotsman named Daniel M'Naghten, whose weird ghost is probably destined to decide the outcome. M'Naghten was absolutely and totally daffy. And since his crazy notions led him to commit a spectacular crime in 1843, he has been immortalized in the law books. What judges and lawyers call the M'Naghten Rules, growing out of his trial, still determine almost everywhere in the English-speaking world whether a man charged with a crime can be acquitted—as Ruby's lawyers hope their client will be—on grounds of legal insanity. Daniel M'Naghten was driven by delusions of persecution. In particular he believed that Robert Peel, Britain's prime minister, was out to get him. Actually Sir Robert had never heard of him. But M'Naghten pursued Sir Robert to London and, one fine day, standing in a garden next to Sir Robert's house, fired a shot at him. Or so, in his deluded way, he thought. He went rather happily to jail, confident that he had wreaked his just revenge. As a matter of fact, incompetent to the end, he had killed Sir Robert's secretary.

At the trial everybody who knew anything about poor Dan M'Naghten—including nine doctors called in to try to make sense out of his

wild conversation—agreed that he was a hopeless case. The three judges sitting at the trial virtually ordered the jury to return a verdict of not guilty by reason of insanity, and the jury had no hesitation about complying. M'Naghten was clapped into a mental hospital and died 22 years later, still muttering darkly about what the politicians were trying to do to him.

As it happened, one person who was thoroughly disgruntled when M'Naghten escaped hanging was Queen Victoria, who, having herself had a gun pulled on her on three separate occasions, did not take political assassination lightly. Because of her displeasure the House of Lords called in Britain's top jurists for an investigation, at which some rules governing legal insanity were put into writing for the guidance of British courts. In brief, these M'Naghten Rules state that a jury can find a defendant not guilty by reason of insanity *only* if convinced that he 1) did not know what he was doing, or 2) if he *did* know, did not know that it was wrong.

Over the years, the M'Naghten Rules have been a constant matter of controversy. Prominent among critics have been psychiatrists, who claim that the rules are so narrow that when a psychiatrist testifies in court he is practically forced to violate the oath to tell the whole

truth and nothing but the truth. Among the staunchest defenders have been a majority of judges, and a few dissenting psychiatrists, who believe that any less specific rules would shatter all moral codes and turn society back toward savagery.

Thus far, the defenders have had all the best of the quarrel. The Texas courts, like the courts in most states, have consistently followed and upheld the M'Naghten Rules as the established legal principle governing insanity. The rules are, in effect, the law of the state and will remain so unless they should some day be superseded by an act of the legislature or unless the Texas courts modify them.

Ruby's lawyers, the wily Melvin Belli included, are well aware of this and are shaping their defense accordingly. At Ruby's recent preliminary hearing, they zeroed in on the M'Naghten Rules. The attorneys produced a psychiatrist who testified that Ruby had a memory lapse at the time he killed Lee Harvey Oswald and did not even remember the shooting. If the jury should accept this line of testimony, it would fulfill the requirement of Rule 1 that Ruby did not know what he was doing. The psychiatrist also said Ruby was incapable at the time of telling right from wrong, which would fulfill the alternate requirement of Rule 2.

But to an attorney determined to run the gamut of strategy, it is not enough merely to rely on es-

tablished principle, and therefore Lawyer Belli is determined to fight another fierce battle in the long war to enlarge the rules defining legal insanity. "We're going to make this country aware that we must do something to take care of the nuts," he said recently. "Notice that I use the word *nuts*. That's what we're dealing with. . . . This world is like a jungle. When the moon gets full, they come out and dance."

Many psychiatrists have said the same thing, only in more elegant and less dramatic words. Their objection has been that the M'Naghten Rules keep them from doing what they can do best—that is, present a reasonably solid array of observations and test results which would enable the jury to decide pretty quickly whether the defendant was sane or insane. Instead, they are forced to concentrate their testimony *entirely* on whether the defendant knew right from wrong, a question most psychiatrists feel cannot honestly be answered yes or no.

Often cited by the critics of the M'Naghten Rules is the case of James Colbert Smith, in and out of trouble all his life, who for no apparent reason shot and killed a taxi driver in Philadelphia in 1948. Legal bickering over whether Smith knew right from wrong went on so interminably that the case was twice brought up before a U.S. district court, twice before a U.S. court of appeals and three times before the U.S. Supreme

CLASSIC CASES IN WHICH INSANITY BECAME AN ISSUE



HARRY K. THAW. In a memorable 1908 trial, the eccentric playboy killer of architect Stanford White was found insane. He was sent to asylum, escaped, was committed again and was ultimately released as sane in 1924. He died in Florida in 1947 at age 76.



WINNIE RUTH JUDD. The famed "trunk murderers" of the early '30s was saved from the gallows by a sanity hearing. She was committed to an Arizona asylum, from which she made her seventh escape on Oct. 8, 1962 and at last report is still at large.



WILLIAM HEIRENS. The schizophrenic University of Chicago student escaped capital punishment in 1946 by pleading guilty to three Chicago murders. Subsequently, he was ruled insane by Joliet prison psychiatrists and moved to a state mental institution.

A LONG DEAD SCOT

Court, at a total cost to the taxpayers of about \$250,000. The case was still hanging fire in 1953 when a new Pennsylvania law resulted in a sanity hearing before a group of psychiatrists, who unanimously decided in less than an hour that, by any reasonable medical standards, Smith had been a lunatic for years.

Many psychiatrists are firmly convinced, indeed, that distinguishing right from wrong is not necessarily a test of sanity at all. Mental hospitals are full of patients hopelessly incompetent to function outside the walls who nonetheless are fully aware that the hospital has rules—and that patients will lose privileges if they make too much noise or strike their physicians. The late Dr. Gregory Zilboorg, one of the most famous of all U.S. psychiatrists, once said that perhaps all murderers "except for the totally deteriorated, drooling, hopeless psychotics of long standing" know what they are doing and what will happen to them if they are caught, and "are therefore 'legally sane' regardless of the opinions of any psychiatrist." Courtroom history is full of cases of men who were found legally sane and hanged or electrocuted, as James Colbert Smith came close to being, even though they were obviously insane and totally irresponsible by any common-sense standards.

By act of their legislatures or by court decisions establishing new legal principle, some states have loosened the M'Naghten Rules by adding the doctrine of "irresistible impulse"; in such states a defendant can be found legally insane, even if he knew what he was doing and knew right from wrong. If the jury decides he was driven to his crime by a compulsion too strong for his mind to reject. For a time Texas incorporated the legal principle of irresistible impulse, but for the last 40 years the state courts have ruled it out. Now Lawyer Belli will urge them to readopt it.

"Even normal people," he has said, "were intensely agitated by President Kennedy's death, and Ruby has a mind more subject to agitation than most. He doesn't at all have the kind of sedate, deliberate mind it takes to commit murder with malice aforethought."

Still another weapon in Lawyer Belli's arsenal is a decision of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia, little known outside the legal profession, establishing what is called the Durham Rule as a substitute for M'Naghten. The Durham Rule states flatly that a defendant is not guilty by



PRECEDENTS. The 1843 murder trial of mad Daniel M'Naghten (above) in London led to the establishment of guides still generally observed in ruling on insanity pleas. A notable verdict modifying M'Naghten Rule was handed down in the District of Columbia trial of Monte Durham (right), a deranged thief. Though applauded by psychiatrists, the Durham Rule still is not widely accepted in the courts.

reason of insanity "if his unlawful act was the product of mental disease or mental defect"—and regardless of such subtleties as whether he knew right from wrong or what impulse he had.

The Durham Rule has been welcomed as principle by most psychiatrists, who like the leeway it gives them in court to explore and report on the defendant's entire background and personality. The rule, they say, is in keeping with present psychiatric knowledge about the role that the unconscious mind plays in all forms of human behavior. Most judges, however, consider the rule dangerous because, in the words of one of them, it "might result in holding that any person who commits a crime is suffering from mental illness and therefore not guilty."

In almost half the states defense lawyers have urged adoption of the Durham Rule, have been turned down by the trial court and have carried their protest to the higher state courts only to be refused again. Texas is sure to become one of the states asked to approve it, for Lawyer Belli hopes to get every shred of evidence about Ruby's mental state, past and present, on the record and before the jury.

If the trial judge permits—and if he does not and Ruby is subsequently found guilty, Belli will surely appeal to a higher court—Ruby's brothers and sister and a

host of acquaintances will be called on to testify that he was always highly emotional and was driven to distraction by the assassination. His sister, in particular, will be asked to tell about occasions when he arrived at her house and broke his otherwise rigid diet by gorging himself on kosher food. "It was fantastic," Belli has said. "He became intoxicated on the food, literally went on a binge."

Ruby himself will also be called to testify, and Belli has predicted what will happen. "He's going to dissolve on the stand. He just can't discuss this without crying. I keep thinking, there but for a stronger constitution and mind go I... what pitiful people we all are. How many of us really know the fellow next to us?"

If the jury finds Ruby not guilty by reason of insanity, it will also have to decide whether he has recovered his sanity since the time of the shooting. (In some states the judge or a medical board, rather than the jury, would make this decision.) If the verdict is not guilty and that Ruby is now sane, he could walk out of court a free man. If the verdict is not guilty and that Ruby is *not* now sane, he would be sent to a mental institution, there to remain unless and until the doctors decide he has recovered. And

if the jury rejects the insanity plea and convicts Ruby, the defense attorneys will surely ask a higher court to rule that the trial judge misinterpreted the legal principles on insanity evidence. Ruby's fate will then lie with the appeals court.

In a case of such burning national interest, many laymen who never before thought about the laws of legal insanity are likely to ask—all questions of legal language and logic aside—whether justice has been done.

One effect of the trial may be to give new impetus to a totally new approach toward criminal law, advocated over the years by such men as Professor Sheldon Glueck of the Harvard Law School and Psychiatrist Philip Q. Roche of the Pennsylvania University School of Medicine. Their idea, which has never yet got off the ground, is that the jury in a criminal case in which a sanity issue is raised should be asked only to decide whether the defendant committed the act with which he is charged. If the answer is yes, then a committee of criminologists and psychiatrists would decide whether the needs of society and the defendant's own chances of rehabilitation would be served best by treating him in a mental hospital or punishing him in a prison. If this were the law of the land, it would not be necessary to try Jack Ruby at all—but only to decide what to do with him.





CHIEF PROSECUTOR. District Attorney Henry Wade listens carefully on telephone as he prepares his case.

Wade, a Democrat, once ran unsuccessfully for Congress and was elected district attorney of Dallas County in

1950. Last year he and his legal staff won 189 felony trials and lost only 13. He will seek death penalty for Ruby.

CAST OF THE COURTROOM DRAMA



In terms of brilliance, national reputation and sheer theatrical flair, Melvin Belli (*opposite page*), chief defense counsel, dominates the cast of attorneys in the Ruby trial. Belli is known as the "King of Torts" for his success in personal injury suits. In criminal cases he is a determined adversary of prosecutors. His opponents in the Ruby case are worthy of his mettle. Chief Prosecutor Henry Wade (*above*) has been Dallas County district attorney for 12 years, conceals a steel-trap mind behind a cornball manner. Bill Alexander (*right*), Wade's most active assistant, is a soft-spoken but relentless prosecutor and cross-examiner with the courtroom style of a Texas-born Gregory Peck. The judge, Joe Brown (*left*), has 29 years' experience, runs a court with an easy, Texas-style loose rein. But he can be tough.

PRESIDING JUDGE. Aware of trial's importance, Judge Joe Brown wants to improve image of Texas' judiciary.



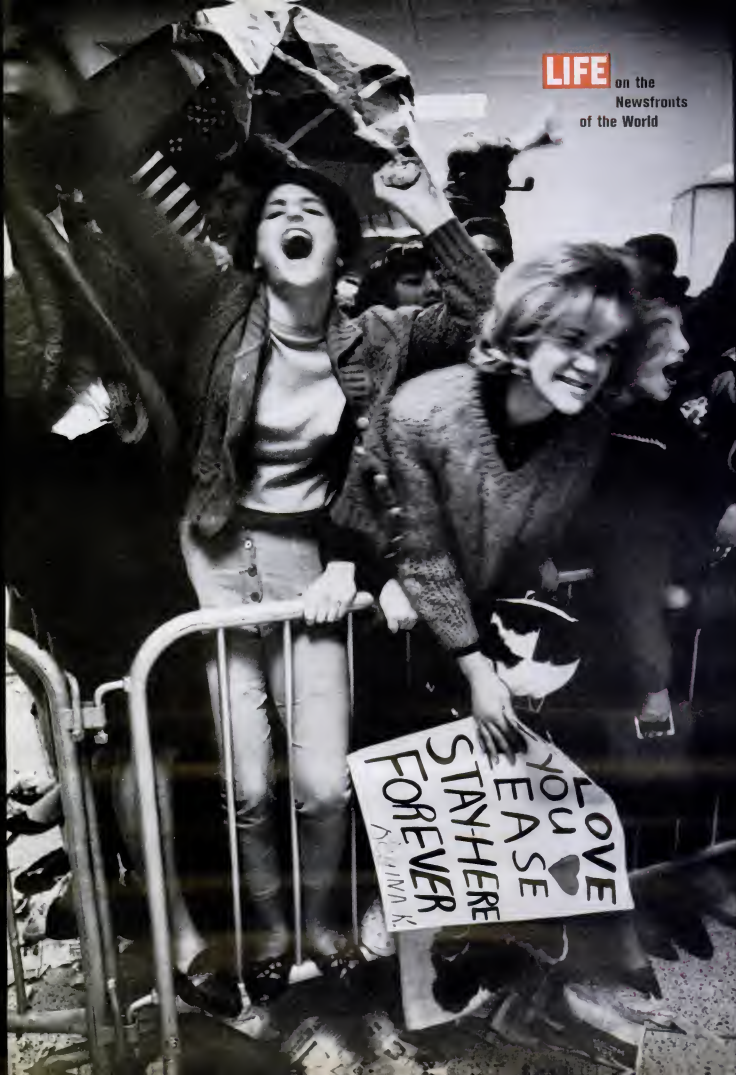
ASSISTANT D.A. "We don't say we're good lawyers," says Alexander dryly. "But we're always in court."

MASTER OF DEFENSE. In his San Francisco office Belli expresses confidence the jury will acquit Ruby.





LIFE on the
Newfronts
of the World





YEAH-YEAH-YEAH!

B-DAY. Oh, the absolute coolness of it all! This was how it was at Kennedy International Airport (left) and outside New York's Plaza Hotel (above) as the incomparable Beatles came and conquered.

Beatlemania Becomes a Part of U.S. History

'We've Got 'em, Luv, and It's All Gear'

In '76 England lost her American calamities. Last week the Beatles took them back. No sooner did the four ragmops set foot on U.S. soil than we were theirs. Their appearance on the Ed Sullivan show racked up the highest TV rating in history. After that, as the Beatles began a live concert tour, Washington surrendered, and New York's Carnegie Hall was all but obliterated. Then it was on to Florida. What was it like at the front? LIRE's Gail Cameron was there—and somehow survived to write this report.

Like the Blitz, it began with shrieks, sirens and total panic. The door of a black limousine waiting for us at Kennedy Airport flew open and someone hurled past me in a blur. A second later I was picked up bodily and tossed in on top of him. It was a Beatle. Ringo hoarsely introduced himself. Police were pounding the roof and shouting at the driver. "GET OUT OF HERE BUDDY IF YOU WANT TO GET OUT ALIVE!"

"So this is America," observed Ringo as he looked out from under his mop of hair. "That was fantastic. They all seem out of their minds."

While searching the car for a routine day for the Beatles.

"NO," he said emphatically. "We never expected anything like this—it was really GEAR."

"Gear?"

"Fab," he explained, translating quickly from his native Beatle-ese, "you know—really great."

A crimson convertible suddenly appeared alongside us packed with a band of teen-agers from Fair Lawn, N.J. "RINGO, RINGO!" they all shouted. "WE GO RINGO!" The girls squealed and the boy behind the wheel momentarily lost his grip, nearly smashing into our rear door. Ringo rolled down the window. "Hi kids," he called.

"YEAH—YEAH—YEAH!" yelled the kids.

"What's new?" asked Ringo. "We love you, Ringo, we love you," one girl screamed. "Oh—I'm almost ready to die. DIE!"

"Don't do that, Luv," fired back Ringo and shut the window.

At the Plaza Hotel teen-agers were chanting, stomping their feet, waving a wild array of signs—"BEATLES 4-EVER!" "THE USA WANTS YOU TO STAY!" "ELVIS IS DEAD—LONG LIVE THE BEATLES!"

"Oh, look at that," said Ringo, "that's marvelous."

"Gear," I corrected him, as we emerged into the din and were shoved by police into the hotel lobby. The mink-coated women inside instantly became as unbinged as the teen-agers outside.

"My God, Esther. LOOK, there's one right there and oh, he's simply

adorable, he's a divine little dream."

Police, private detectives and bellhops pulled us through the people and potted palms and then unceremoniously tossed Beatle after Beatle into the elevator.

Out on the street, the teen-agers had begun their long vigil of Beatle-watching. The sight of a shadow in a window, any window, any floor, incited hysteria. Between times they sang "London Bridge is falling down . . . Cause we're getting the Beatles."

When I went out, I was nearly torn apart. "Did you SEE them? Did you touch them?" they bellowed. Chewing the jelly beans they had brought to belt the Beatles with, they tried to tell me just why the Beatles set them screaming.

"They're just so sexy, also foreign," said 16-year-old Soni Scharf of Brooklyn.

"No, no," interrupted several disgusted boys. "It's the sound, it's a tough sound."

"The thing is also," explained a 15-year-old girl, a little shyly, "they sing decent songs, they're not dirty or anything like a lot of the rock 'n' roll groups here."

"I scream," said a girl, "because I hope they'll look at me."

"It's Ringo," said Pat Rodier. "It may sound silly to you, but I propose to him every single night."

"The American rock 'n' roll is getting to be a drag," said a boy with a Beatle haircut. "I don't know what the Beatles' beat is, but it's different. And some people say the haircut is stupid, but it's better than a duck's. Also cheaper."

Pretty soon the Beatles emerged and dived into their limousine for the dash to the CBS studios to rehearse for their appearance on the Ed Sullivan show. There a favored few teen-agers had connections heard the first live Beatle music on U.S. soil.

"Well," explained Kathy Cronkite, 13 (daughter of TV's Walter), who

was there with her sister Nancy, 15, "their accents are so heavenly and their hair is so adorable. Our father doesn't really like our reaction very much, but we can't help it."

"You know," observed a 17-year-old philosophically, "this is the first time I've gone nuts over a singer than my parents didn't tell me it was disgusting."

"I just don't know why I scream," sobbed Diane Ambrosio, 13, of New York, big tears streaming down her cheeks as she waited outside. "It's just because they're Beatles."

On the whole, the Beatles' appearance on the Sullivan show seemed subdued, though the audience wasn't. Afterward they entrained for Washington and they told me how it is.

"We're kidding everyone, you see," explained John. "We're kidding you and we're kidding ourselves. We just don't take anything seriously. But we're having a good time, Luv, and so is everybody else."

I asked what they looked like with their hair back from their foreheads. John looked up in horror. "You just don't do that, Mate. You feel naked if you do that, like you don't have any trousers on."

Do their fans want locks of hair? "Always," said Ringo. "They come after us with scissors but we're on guard and they never get any."

They gave their first concert in the Washington Coliseum before 8,092 shrieking fans—and pulled out all the stops. After it was over, a wide-eyed blonde groped her way out. "We didn't come to hear them really, because we hear the records," she said, "We come to scream at them."

The Beatles loved it. "They could have ripped me apart and I wouldn't have cared," said Ringo.

Later that night, at a party at the British Embassy, more history was made. For the first time ever, a fan sneaked up behind Ringo and stole a lock of Beatle hair. At least, thank heaven, the outrage technically was on British soil.

GAIL CAMERON

BETWEEN RIOTS. In rare moment of blessed peace at their hotel, Beatles (left to right) George Harrison, Paul McCartney, Ringo Starr and John Lennon laugh at themselves on tape.





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The admiral 'retires' to active duty

Vice Admiral Hyman Rickover didn't even get a coffee break when he reached the mandatory retirement age of 64. The Navy dutifully

labeled him "retired"—but kept him right at his desk in the same old and important job, in charge of the nuclear propulsion program.



**The Sooner coach
kicks off—in politics**

In 17 years as University of Oklahoma football coach, Bud Wilkinson had the best winning record in the nation—and voted Democratic. Last week he had switched parties to run for Oklahoma's G.O.P. nomination for the U.S. Senate.

**A grand old girl as
a grand old girl**

Helen Hayes makes like Miss Liberty in a dream scene from a new play by William McCleery, *Good Morning, Miss Dove*, which she tried out with students at Catholic University in Washington, D.C. to raise money for campus playhouse.







THE BRUTALIZED. Captured in the Turkish section of the divided capital city of Nicosia, where he was found

hiding, a screaming Greek Cypriot (above) is bludgeoned by Turkish policemen as he is taken into custody.

THE DISPLACED. Carrying her parents' wedding picture, a young Turkish girl flees home after the fighting.

The Dead Pile Up in Cyprus

Terrorism on the island of Cyprus cut its deadly swath as the world looked on with deepening foreboding. There, for eight weeks, the 500,000 Greek and 100,000 Turkish inhabitants have engaged in a formless war devoid of clear-cut battlelines but with a death toll of over 300 since Christmas.

As each day brought new violence, the U.S. and Britain drew only rebuffs from Cyprus on their plan to establish peace by sending in a 10,000-man NATO force. Meanwhile, the 4,000 British soldiers on the island tried futilely to stop Greek-Turkish skirmishes.

Into this situation blustered Nikita Khrushchev with a warning—which Britain's Prime Minister Douglas-Home brushed off as an impertinent intrusion—against a NATO "invasion." The French humbly proclaimed that if NATO should attempt the task of making peace, it would do so without French help. U.S. Undersecretary of State George W. Ball flew to Cyprus to try to talk Archbishop Makarios, president of the tiny island republic, into acceptance of a new peace plan, but with little hope of success. Caught up in mutual passions, Greece and Turkey—allies in NATO—glowered at each other and worried about war.



THE DEAD. The bodies of four Turkish Cypriots killed in battle are laid out in mosque in town of Louroujina.

CONTINUED



HAPPILY ENGAGED. Firmly grasping Irene's thumb, Prince Carlos walks with her through palace grounds

near Amsterdam. Irene was second in line to the throne of the Netherlands—her older sister Beatrix will

succeed their mother, Juliana. Carlos is the son of Prince Xavier, a Bourbon pretender to the Spanish throne.

TREAT FOR THE DUTCH. Outside royal palace, a happy crowd gathers in rain to let Irene know it approves



NEW CONVERT. At a Catholic basilica in Spain, Irene attends Mass during a recent pilgrimage. The Dutch

know her as a serious girl. She says that she became a Catholic in order to help further religious tolerance.

Irene and Carlos in Love Affair of State

It was a romantic operetta come to life. The prince, who loved the girl, was a dashing Latin type. The heroine, who wanted to marry the prince, came from a stolid, cold-climate family that frowned on the marriage. But the girl was a princess, too, and after hiding out from her family—and throwing her government into a terrible dither—she finally had her way.

This plot was played out last week by Prince Carlos de Borbón y Parma, a 33-year-old descendant of Spanish kings, and Princess Irene, a green-eyed blonde of 24 and second in line to the Dutch throne. The first act came when Irene renounced her family's Protestant faith and became a Catho-

lic. Then, in a second act packed with suspense and all the tricks of royal young love, Irene hid out in Spain and defied her mother, Queen Juliana, who proclaimed that the love affair was over.

Act III began as Irene and Carlos flew back to Holland in a royal plane piloted by her father, Prince Bernhard. There she won forgiveness and a chorus of blessings from her people. As the price of her happiness, however, Irene had to give up her claim to the throne. And it was unlikely that her husband-to-be would ever reign in Spain. But you could tell from their smiles—and Carlos' thumb-grip—that the prince and princess would live happily ever after.



BUSY PRINCE. Carlos' has labored as a miner (top) to learn about workers' problems, is also a pilot, swimmer, economist and a champion parachute jumper.



her engagement. The cabinet met in emergency sessions to consider the romance, finally gave Irene its blessing.

He Caught Her Eye at the Bullfights

It all began at the bullfights on a sunny afternoon last July. With a bright red bandanna knotted around his neck, Prince Carlos Hugo Javier María Sixto Luis Roberto de Borbón y Parma leaned over the upper railing of the big bull ring at Pamplona, waiting for the next bull. He glanced around at the other spectators and noticed, eight seats away on his right, Princess Irene sitting with her chin cupped in her hand.

Prince Carlos caught the eye of Princess Irene and the two smiled and nodded briefly in recognition. "Princes and princesses do not meet," Carlos later explained. "They know each other practically from birth—royal events, family reunions, christenings, you know."

As it turned out, however, this was not just another royal encounter. When the last bull had been dealt with and the crowd was spilling out of the ring, a group of Spaniards in berets recognized the young prince

and, in a burst of popular enthusiasm, swept him along to the town hall. There, amidst shouts and cheers from people who support his family's claim to the Spanish throne, Carlos appeared on the balcony to take his bows. Princess Irene witnessed the incident. "She was heartstruck," say the Spaniards.

Irene went home to the Netherlands. Carlos went there too—three times. "These trips were not exactly of a business nature," says an aide to the prince. Irene started returning the visits. Last Jan. 8, on the direct flight from Amsterdam to Madrid, she took along enough luggage—nine red leather suitcases, three smaller bags and a pair of bright blue skis—to stay quite a while. An avid language student, Irene told everybody she just wanted "to polish up on my accent."

The people back home—whose historic distrust for Spaniards runs all the way from Spanish rule of the Netherlands' four centuries ago to Franco's fascist pact with Hitler—be-

gan to suspect that their princess was getting herself involved in a politically dangerous escapade. But Irene, who proved to be both stubborn and clever, played an expert game of hide-and-seek that still kept the home folks guessing.

She settled down in Madrid on the fourth floor of an apartment building that also houses the Dutch ambassador and some famous Spanish movie stars. From her window—by no coincidence at all—she had a clear view through the acacia trees to a seventh floor apartment on the next street which belonged to Prince Carlos' two sisters, Cecilia and Maria Teresa. Naturally, Prince Carlos decided to move in and visit his sisters.

Not trusting their telephones—which might be tapped—or messengers who could be bribed or intimidated, Irene and Carlos relied on visual signals across the expanse. When Irene was ready to go out, she'd wave her hand or a lace handkerchief, and Carlos would wave back.

Then they would drive their two cars to their rendezvous spot outside a sports stadium several blocks away. Irene would park her cream-colored Fiat 1400 and leap into Carlos' gray Alfa Romeo. Carlos would gun his car over a little-used highway and head for the hills. They often wound up at a small country tavern frequented by truck drivers. There they ordered garlic soup and potato omelettes, served on the same chipped

plates used by the rest of the clientele. Everyone assumed they were tourists.

When evening came Carlos would drive Irene to Madrid and let her out at the stadium. Back in their apartments, they would lean out and signal each other good night. And so the romance grew.

Finally—happy day—came Irene's announcement of the engagement. One is left to imagine the scene in the family circle back home as the news spread like water from a ruptured dike. A royal plane was dispatched to Madrid to get Irene. It returned without her, although it did drop off some changes of clothes for the princess. Irene went into retreat on the estate of some friends near Barcelona.

From there the princess got on the phone to her mother, Queen Juliana, and made it clear that she planned to marry Carlos no matter what. And as her coming home O.K.—if she could bring Carlos with her.

Prince Bernhard, Irene's father, flew to Madrid, hoping to change her mind. Suspecting this, Irene kept him waiting at the airport while emissaries rushed back and forth bearing messages. Bernhard finally agreed to let Carlos board the plane. In Amsterdam Carlos spoke his first public sentence in Dutch.

"Ik ben gelukkig," he said, "dat ik in Nederland ben, want ik hou van Irene." ("I am happy to be in Holland because I love Irene.") The Dutch reply translated O.K.

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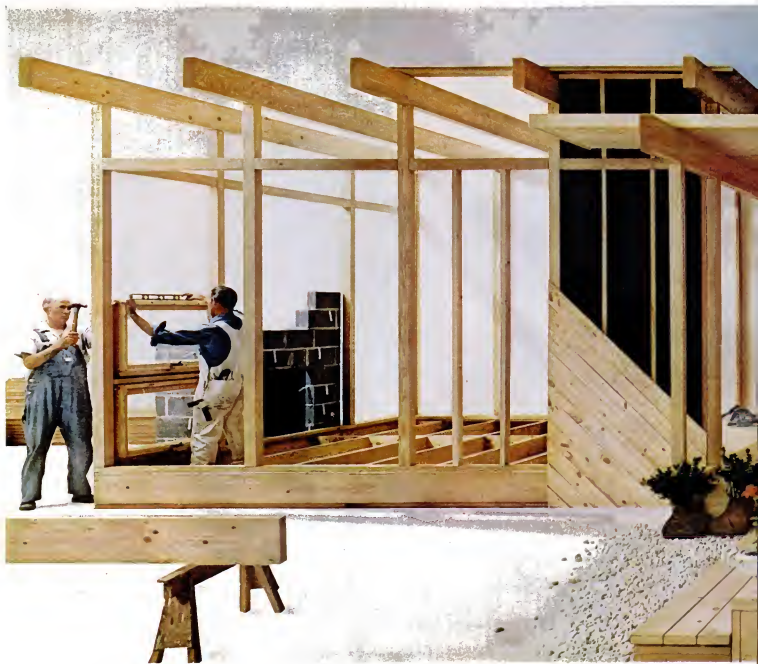
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A CRUCIFIX FOUND IN FLORENCE MAY BE A YOUTHFUL WORK BY THE MASTER



A Missing Michelangelo?

For years the crucifix hung unnoticed, gathering dust and shadows in the monastery of Santo Spirito in Florence. Then along came Dr. Margrit Lisner, a German art historian searching for 15th Century crucifixes. She took one look at the painted wood sculpture of Christ and came to a startling conclusion: it had been carved by Michelangelo!

Dr. Lisner had good grounds for her belief. Art scholars have always known that around 1493, when he was 18 years old, Michelangelo carved a wooden

crucifix for the church that adjoined the monastery of Santo Spirito. It hung above the high altar until around 1600, when it was removed during alterations of the church. By the 18th Century it could not be found. If Dr. Lisner is right—and evidence shown on following pages has convinced some top experts that she is—the crucifix is one of the most important art discoveries of the century. It is also a timely bonanza for Florence, which this spring commemorates the 400th anniversary of Michelangelo's death.

The Historical Clues That Led a Scholar On



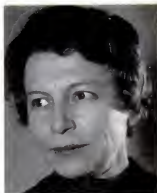
Augustine monk, Father Bolognesi, stands in corridor where controversial crucifix was found. Another crucifix now hangs over corridor door (rear).

Dr. Lisner compares 15th and 16th Century works to prove her point. In crucifix made about 1445 by Donatello (right), the legs and the head are aligned. In Santo Spirito crucifix (center) the legs twist away from the head. Similar pose appears in the Crucifixion (far right) painted by Pontormo around 1530. Dr. Lisner believes Pontormo imitated Santo Spirito crucifix.



In the early 1490s Michelangelo worked in the palace and gardens of Lorenzo de' Medici who had set up an informal academy where artists could study his collection of antique sculpture. After Lorenzo died in 1492, Michelangelo went to the monastery of Santo Spirito and asked permission to make anatomical studies of corpses in the monastery's hospital. In return for this privilege, the young man carved a crucifix for the prior of Santo Spirito. This was the only wood sculpture known to have been done by Michelangelo. The body was smaller than life-size and presumably was painted according to the custom of the times.

These facts were in Dr. Lisner's mind when she spotted the crucifix in the monastery. The sculpture was of wood and smaller than life-size (four feet five inches high). What impressed her especially was the torsion of the body, the way the legs twisted in the opposite direction from the head. This contrasting movement, called *contrapposto*, is characteristic of Michelangelo's figures. But, says Dr. Lisner, the *contrapposto* pose does not occur in other 15th Century crucifixes (below, left) until after 1494. She surmises that Michelangelo's crucifix, which was prominently displayed in one of the most important churches of Florence, influenced later artists. To back up her theory, she points to examples like the fresco (below, right), painted by Jacopo Pontormo



Discoverer of crucifix, Dr. Margrit Lisner teaches at Freiburg University, specializes in Florentine crucifixes.

about 1530, which bears a remarkable resemblance to the Santo Spirito crucifix.

Experts who disagree with Dr. Lisner's attribution say that the *contrapposto* pose was already evident in the 1480s in the work of Leonardo da Vinci. By the time Pontormo painted his fresco, everybody was "doing it." The fact that the painted Crucifixion resembles the carved crucifix may well be explained in another way, say the counterexperts: both works were probably produced around the same time.

Not likely, says Dr. Lisner, summoning the report of technicians in the restoration laboratories of Florence's Uffizi galleries. They examined the paint on the crucifix and declared that it exactly corresponds to the finely ground colors used in the late 15th Century. But Dr. Lisner neglects to add that the technicians also report that such fine colors continued to be used well into the 16th Century.

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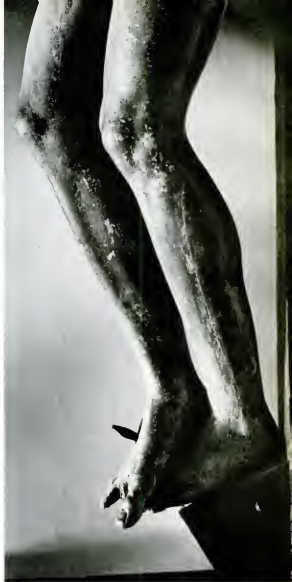
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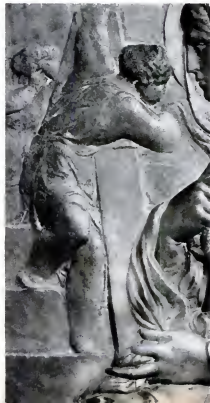
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Dr. Lisner supports her theory by comparing the legs of the crucifix (*far right*) with the legs of Christ in Michelangelo's famous *Pietà* (*right*). In both works the legs are slender and graceful. Other experts protest that the *Pietà* carving is far more detailed, showing veins, muscles, fleshy surfaces with astonishing subtlety and precision. But this could be explained by the fact that the *Pietà* was carved some five years after Michelangelo made his crucifix. By 1498 he had acquired much greater skill than he had at 18.



Some Telling Comparisons of Carved Legs

A key argument of Dr. Lisner's focuses on the right leg of the crucifix (*center*), which bends and twists to the left. She compares this pose to that of a boy (*detail, near right*) in a relief called *Madonna of the Sins*, which Michelangelo carved about 1491. This boy, she says, bends his leg in much the same way as the crucifix. So does the satyr (*far right*), who stands beside the figure of Bacchus, a life-size sculpture that Michelangelo carved around 1496.



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The head of the crucifix (above), in Dr. Lisner's opinion, is strikingly like the head of Christ (left) and also that of the Virgin (right) in the Pietà. She points to the sharply defined noses, the carving of Christ's hair, the solemnity of the expressions. But other experts consider the comparison damaging to

Dr. Lisner's thesis. They disparage the crucifix, criticizing its rigidly straight, pencil-thin nose, its flattened miniature mouth and skimpily, matted hair. The Santo Spirito crucifix, they say, exhibits none of the subtle modeling that characterizes the Pietà and made Michelangelo famous at the age of 23.



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The *Battle of the Centaurs* was carved about 1492 while Michelangelo was studying antique art.

Experts Against Experts

The discovery of the Santo Spirito crucifix has churned up a controversy which may boil on for years. Lined up with Dr. Lisner are two highly respected scholars, Charles de Tolnay of Princeton and John Pope-Hennessy of London. Both are impressed by the fact that the crucifix tallies with historical records. But their analyses of the work are at odds. Pope-Hennessy is impressed by its "Hellenistic, classical look which is extraordinarily similar to . . . the *Pieta*." De Tolnay, on the other hand, believes that the crucifix "tries to follow the Gothic tradition of sculpture."

The discrepancy between these two views is no greater than the contrast between the crucifix and Michelangelo's known early works. His *Madonna of the Stairs* (below), carved when he was about 16, shows his liking for massive forms. Even the Christ Child has the build of a boxer. In the *Battle of the Centaurs* (above), which Michelangelo carved a year later, the bodies are even more massive, their muscles knowingly emphasized. These brawny figures bear little relationship to the delicate, effeminate body of the crucifix. This is "indeed a little problem," admits De Tolnay, and so he speculates that Michelangelo carved this crucifix even before he carved the reliefs. Perhaps, he says, this is an earlier Michelangelo work that nobody ever heard of—a speculation

which automatically eliminates the crucifix's connection with the historical documentation that impressed De Tolnay in the first place.

Professor Ulrich Middeldorf, head of the German Art History Institute in Florence, thinks Dr. Lisner is all wrong. "Such an ignorance of anatomy and a poverty of modeling," says he, "would have been a very poor gift for Michelangelo to have made to the prior as a recompense for having made anatomical studies in the hospital mortuary." More moderate is Florentine Historian Paola Barocchi: "It's a rare and lovely piece. . . . But I would date it 40 or 50 years later than Dr. Lisner."

In the midst of the scholarly turmoil, the monks of Santo Spirito are wide-eyed. "We knew it was a fine work," says Father Renato Bolognesi, "but we had no idea it was so valuable. Now they say it is worth more than \$3 million."



Madonna of the Stairs, a small marble relief, is the earliest extant sculpture by Michelangelo.



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SNOW, MIST AND HIGH TIDE BRING

Venice, said a traveler, is a city which must be seen to be disbelieved. If the gay and busy summer seekers of its charms could see it in winter, they would disbelieve it even more. For then Venice closes in on itself, and even sound becomes an intrusion. Gondolas rock undisturbed on high tides

at moorings where no tourists gather to bargain in harsh foreign tongues. Snow and mist and old ladies gather to turn the gaudy city into a muted aquatint and let it breathe a brief personal life. Venice in winter belongs only to itself, and returns for a few months to its own dreamy centuries.



A HAUNTING BEAUTY

Winter in Venice

Photographed for LIFE by CARLO BAVAGNOLI



The warming ritual of teatime

With the chill, gondoliers take shelter in the bars and old ladies cluster in peaceful

19th Century elegance in cafes like Florian (above), talking of grandchildren and the weather.

Idle gondolars on the Grand Canal





Warriors on St. Mark's

Hugging each other as if in alarm at the unaccustomed sight of snow powdering the great piazza, sculptured figures of ancient emperors look out from the treasury of the vast basilica of St. Mark. Winter is a time of slim pickings for pigeons in the piazza (*left*), but people find that there's suddenly lots of room to walk (*far left*). The Venetians move more slowly in winter. They take cold pills against the damp. They curse the *aqua alta*, the high water which creeps higher and higher each year as the weight of the floating city forces it slowly down into the sea. Some of the wealthy residents rush off to other parts of Italy. Many go into semibernation with families and old friends. And the young—with some justice—complain that in Venice in the winter there's nothing at all to do.

Pigeons peck near St. Mark's, pedestrians amble in front of Doge's Palace.



The season closes in somberly but tide and salt water keep the canals from freezing.

On the Grand Canal, office-bound Venetians make a quick crossing by *traghetto* (ferry gondola)

just below the Rialto Bridge. One of them adds a bright note to keep the drizzle off.



The city's main thoroughfare and storied bridge





Snowy Moore sounding the hour

Familiar sounds like the high mellow bong of the bronze Moors atop the 15th Century

clock tower (above) turn plaintive in winter's *silenzio*, and in the early afternoon

strollers find the famous Bridge of Sighs (left) wrapped in an evocative winter shroud.

Bridge of Sighs in background



View from the Campanile

Bits of the gold of St. Mark's five big Byzantine domes which dominate the snowy city

show through the season's white and gray like a promise of the sunny glitter of summertime.

Yet, even in muffled winter, Venice remains the loveliest anachronism the world knows.



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Spread 1 tablespoon chili sauce on slice of white bread. Top with sliced hard-boiled egg. Place slice of Borden's Wisconsin Pimento over top; toast in G-E Reflector Toaster at color control #4. A high-protein lunch that couldn't be easier.



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From the people whose lives crossed his,
a clinical study of Lee Harvey Oswald

THE EVOLUTION OF AN ASSASSIN



OSWALD AT 2. Smiling and chubby, with his hair combed into a curl by his mother, Lee poses for a baby picture. It was 1941 and the family lived in New Orleans where Lee was born.

Ever since the assassination of President Kennedy, two questions have haunted the nation and the world: what was the President's killer really like? How did he grow up to commit this terrible act?

Before Lee Harvey Oswald himself could supply any answers, he was killed by Jack Ruby (p. 26). But, though he led an elusive life during his 24 years, he brushed against many people in many places—and left a trail behind him of brief but unforgettable impressions.

Soon after Oswald's death, LIFE's staff began to assemble these clues. Dozens of reporters searched for the people who had known him—neighbors, teachers, classmates, employers, fellow Marines. They told what they knew and in some cases provided the rare pictures of Oswald shown on these pages. LIFE Reporter Donald Jackson wove the accounts into the article that begins on the next page and gives, in extraordinary detail, the evolution—from babyhood to death—of the assassin.

'Lee was the leader on our playground'

by DONALD JACKSON

Lee was the third boy born to Mrs. Marguerite Clavier Oswald. His father, Robert E. Lee Oswald, a life insurance agent in New Orleans, died two months before Lee was born there on Oct. 19, 1939. Mrs. Oswald went to work as a saleswoman about two years after the birth of her new son, holding a series of different jobs.

His mother was at home with Lee during his first two years, and later, when she went to work, her sister Lillian or whoever else she could get to baby-sit cared for him. When Lee was 3, he was placed in a boarding school which accepted children either orphaned or with one parent. His brother Robert and half-brother John had been lodged at the boarding school a year earlier.

"I took the children home on weekends," Mrs. Oswald recalled. "But I couldn't look after them and work, too."

In 1944 Mrs. Oswald met Edwin A. Eckdahl, an industrial engineer from Boston who was working in the South. They were married—she for the third time—in May 1945, and took an auto trip so she could meet his family in Massachusetts. Instead of returning to New Orleans, the family settled in a small house in Fort Worth. The two older boys were sent to a military school in Port Gibson, Mississippi. Lee lived at home with his mother and stepfather.

Records show that Lee did not

enter elementary school until January 1947, when he was 7. The family home at that time was on the South Side of Fort Worth and Lee entered the first grade at Lily B. Clayton School. His marks the first year were mostly Bs with a few As.

Lee left a strong impression on at least one member of his second grade class, Phil Vinson, now a Fort Worth reporter.

"No one in our class was a close friend of Lee's," Vinson said. "Yet all of the boys seemed to look up to him. During recess periods, the boys would form into what we called 'gangs' and engage in friendly wrestling matches or games of touch football. According to our code, being in Lee's gang was a high honor. Lee chose those to serve with him on the grade school playground. In class, he remained quiet."

In March 1948, Lee transferred from Clayton school to the George Clark Elementary School, in the same general neighborhood on Fort Worth's South Side. He finished the second grade there and was promoted to the third.

In that year Edwin Eckdahl sued for divorce. In his complaint Eckdahl, represented by the Fort Worth firm of Korth and Wallace, said that his wife nagged him and argued about money. He testified that she once threw a bottle at his head and another time scratched and struck him. A jury upheld

Eckdahl and gave him a divorce. Mrs. Oswald was granted \$1,500.

Marguerite returned to her former name of Oswald—Lee had always gone by that name—and moved into a one-story frame house on Ewing Avenue, in the Riddle district of Fort Worth. She and Lee—and occasionally the older two boys—lived there for the next four years.

Other families in the block remember Lee as a touchy, quick-to-anger boy.

"He seemed antisocial to me," said Hiram Conway, who lived three doors from the Oswalds. "I thought he was vicious with other children. He would become quite angry at very little provocation. I saw him chuck things at other kids several times." His wife added, "I didn't think he was anything but just a high-tempered kid. He was a cute little boy with curly hair and a good build. The family all called him 'Lee-Boy.'"

Cecil Simmons, an accountant, lived two doors in the other direction from the Oswalds. His memory of Lee is terse and sour. "I'll tell you the way I got acquainted with that little squirt," said Simmons. "I came home from work one day and picked up the phone. It was dead. I figured what the hell, so I asked into the receiver if anyone was on the phone. A kid's voice says, 'You're goddamn right there's someone on the line.' This stopped me for a minute, then I asked the kid if he'd mind releas-



WITH BROTHERS AT 5. Lee Oswald (center) laughs with brother Robert Oswald, 10 (left), and half-

ing the line. So he says to me, 'I'll release it when I'm damn good and ready.' Well, naturally, I was a little burned. I asked my wife who was on our party line and she said it was the Oswalds. I knew them slightly—every single night she'd get off the bus at my corner and walk across my lawn. Well, this night I stopped her and told her what had happened. She asked me to quote exactly what was said and I did. She said, 'I don't believe Lee would say anything like that.' Then Lee walked up and said, 'What's the matter, Mother?' She told him that I had accused him of using profanity on the telephone. She asked him what about it and he denied it. So then she said, 'I guess you must be mistaken, Mr. Simmons.' I know damn well it was him. There wasn't anyone else in the house at the time,





brother John Pic, 12. Their mother had just married for third time and they had sill moved to Fort Worth.



CHUBBY AT 8. Lee clenches his fist as he smiles for second-grade picture at Clayton school, Fort Worth.



THINNED OUT AT 11. In fifth-grade picture, Oswald has started playing baseball and lost his chubbiness.



TALL AT 12. The tallest boy in his sixth-grade class, Lee (top) already has reputation for being a roughneck.

I found that out later. And that was my first and last contact with Lee Oswald.

Lee's first teacher at Ridglea West Elementary School was Mrs. Clyde Livingston, a warm, lively woman who took a special interest in Lee and probably knew him as well as anyone outside his family. "Lee left an empty home in the morning, went home to an empty home for lunch, and returned to an empty home at night," Mrs. Livingston said. "I once asked him if his mother left a lunch for him. He said, 'No, but I can open a can of soup as well as anyone.'"

Lee's fourth-grade marks revealed a downward trend. In the third grade he had failed spelling, received three Cs, four As and the rest Bs. In the fourth, the As disappeared altogether, but he passed spelling and received Ba and Cs

In the rest of his subjects. Around this time his I.Q. was measured. It was 103.

When the fourth grade held its Christmas party in 1949, Lee surprised his teacher, Mrs. Livingston, by giving her a puppy. It was the offspring of the family dog, a collie Lee called "Lady."

"He dearly loved that mother dog," Mrs. Livingston said. "He would check on her at home every day. After he gave me the little puppy he'd come over on weekends to see how it was getting along. But I had the feeling he wasn't coming by just to see the dog. He'd stay around and talk. He was friendly enough, but not particularly talkative."

"He wasn't a hostile child, not even stubborn. He was good humored, but quiet. He was interested in a little girl in the class, Nancy

Kuklies. Lee was rather messy and I put him next to Nancy in class. He became a lot neater. He slicked his hair down, and kept his desk neater than he had. She'd say something to him if he didn't. But the romance didn't last long. Another boy interested Nancy."

"He used to play ball with me and Pat O'Connor almost every day," said grade school classmate Richard Garrett. "We ran around together. And Lee was the dominant one among the three of us. We'd do what Lee wanted to do. He was larger, I remember, and tougher. But he wasn't particularly eager to fight all the time. One time the fad was to hold your breath until you passed out. Lee really liked that."

Garrett recalled that Lee's grades were not too good in the fifth and sixth grades, but that "he didn't

CONTINUE



TRUANT AT 13. Lee visits zoo in New York. He cut so many classes that he was in trouble with officials.



GAMES AT 10. At Fort Worth, Lee (arrow) spends recess with fourth-grade classmates. His teacher remembers he was reluctant to join games at first, later took part eagerly.

FAVORITE TEACHER. Mrs. Clyde Livingston, who taught Lee for a year, plays with pup Lee gave her as a Christmas present. He visited her frequently to check on the dog.



'He didn't seem to miss having friends'

OSWALD CONTINUED

exert himself particularly in class." In the fifth grade he made two Ds—a failing grade in Fort Worth at that time—in arithmetic and spelling, two Cs, the rest Bs.

Another schoolmate, William Leverich, was struck by Lee's brashness in class. "I remember that he'd accot his desk chair across the floor to the pencil sharpener—just to get attention of course. The kids would snicker and the teacher would get mad."

Lee was not altogether unnoticed by the fifth- and sixth-grade girls. One recalled that "he had muscles—he was strong." Another had such a crush on him that once, walking home with Lee and another girl, she asked him to kiss her. Lee said he wouldn't unless he could also kiss the other girl, whom he was sweet on at the time. Lee kissed them both.

Mrs. Pat Davenport Baum of Fort Worth, a former classmate of Lee's, said he once wrote her a love note and was bitter when she spurned him. "Oh, how he hated me for that. He didn't speak to me at all for a long time." Mrs. Baum also recalled that Lee "walked real proud. But he never wore Levis, he wore some other type of jeans, which looked cheaper."

Lee was quite capable of defending himself in those years. Classmate Monroe Davis recalled how Lee beat him one day after school. "He fought dirty, pinching and biting," Davis said, "but he would have licked me anyway." Davis said that as the fight was breaking up, Lee's mother appeared and "she was laughing. She was real proud of him."

Lee finished the sixth grade at Ridglea West in June 1952. He was approaching his 13th birthday—fairly tall for his age, well built and athletic. But he appeared lonely and wore an increasingly noticeable chip on his shoulder. At this time his mother decided to go to New York, a move that was to have a great impact on Lee. She said she wanted to be close to her son John Pic, by her first marriage, who was stationed in New York with the Coast Guard. She

also thought she could do better financially in New York.

They arrived in New York in September, moved into an apartment in the Bronx and Lee entered the seventh grade at Trinity Lutheran School, switching after three weeks to Junior High School 117. His public school attendance record was spotty. Between October 1952 and January 1953 he missed 47 school days. His grades were barely passing. On the report card where teachers rate a child's personality factor, Lee was judged satisfactory in courtesy and effort, unsatisfactory in cooperation, dependability and self-control.

His truancy resulted in Lee's first brush with legal authority—in his case the New York Children's Court. Mrs. Oswald had moved again in March 1953, and Lee had been transferred to Junior High School 44—his third school in seven months. When he failed to report to the school John Carro, a young probation officer assigned to the Children's Court in the Bronx, got in touch with him.

Carro, a soft-spoken, 36-year-old father of six who is now assistant to New York Mayor Robert Wagner, said, "We talked at my office. My job was to find out his background, his attitude toward school, the attitude of his parents, whether there were any illnesses or extenuating circumstances and so on. I found him to be a small, bright and likable boy. I asked him why he was staying out of school and he said he thought school was a waste of time, that he wasn't learning anything there anyway." He also told Carro that the other children in school made fun of him because of his Texas drawl and his blue jeans.

"I asked him what his hobbies were, and he said he used to collect stamps but didn't do that any more. He said he liked horseback riding [there is no evidence that he ever did any] and said he wanted to go into the Marines. But, he said, most of all he just liked to be by himself and do things by himself. He would get up in the morning and watch television all day. There was no one else at home. The mother worked. He didn't have any friends, and he didn't seem to miss having any friends. He never said anything to me about reading. It didn't seem abnormal to him to stay home and do nothing, but it was.

"In my report I indicated this was a potentially dangerous situa-

tion—dangerous to his personality. When you get a 13-year-old kid who withdraws into his own world, whose only company is fantasy, who wants no friends, who has no father figure, whose mother doesn't seem to relate either—then you've got to trouble. I recommended placement for Oswald. I thought of a place like Berkshire Farm in Canaan [N.Y.] or Children's Village at Dobbs Ferry. They have cottages for the kids there, and psychiatric treatment, as well as follow-up therapy. I definitely thought that would help his boy.

"I had the feeling that his mother was completely ineffectual, that she was detached and noninvolved. She kept saying that Lee wasn't any problem, and she didn't understand what the fuss was all about. She wanted to go back to Texas or Louisiana, but said she didn't have the money.

"Finally I remember telling Lee, 'It's either school or commitment.' He said, 'In that case, I'll go back to school.' His mother refused to take him to a court-attached psychiatric clinic. She said that he was attending school by that time and there was no reason for going to the clinic. Lee's behavior was slightly disruptive at school.

"In January 1954, I wrote to Mrs. Oswald, asking her to come into my office and bring the boy. The letter came back, 'Moved. Left No Forwarding Address.'"

Mrs. Oswald's memories of the 16 months she and Lee spent in New York are bitter, perhaps colored by a suspicion that it had been a mistake to move there.

"It was a very, very sad story," she said of Lee's truancy troubles. "Mr. John Carro told him, 'Lee, you'll have to report to me every week.' I said, 'Mr. Carro, my son is not going to report to you. He's a criminal. He's given his word that it's not going to happen again. The first time he doesn't keep his word, then he'll report to you.' I was not going to have a boy of that age and caliber going to a probation officer."

The most penetrating personality analysis ever made on Lee Oswald came from Dr. Ranatus Hartogs, chief psychiatrist at New York's Youth House for Boys. Hartogs examined him at the recommendation of the Bronx Children's Court. His confidential report is in the hands of the federal commission now investigating the

CLOWNING AT 15. Just as a classmate photographs ninth-grade English class rehearsing Casey at the Bat, Oswald turns to mug at camera. He got passing grade of 70 in the course.

'He looked like he was just lost'

OSWALD

CONTINUED

assassination, but the subtense of it is as follows:

It was apparent that Oswald was an emotionally disturbed, mentally constricted youngster who tended to isolate himself from contacts with others, was suspicious and defiant in his attitude toward authority, and overly sensitive and vengeful in his relationships with his peers. He saw himself as being singled out for rejection and frustration. Dr. Hartogs said, but did not seem to have developed the courage to act upon his hostility in an aggressive or destructive fashion. He also appeared to be preoccupied about his sexual identity and his future role as a male.

He was guarded, secluded and suspicious in his dealings with the psychiatrist. He had to be reassured that information he gave would not be used against him, but to help him. He could not become verbally productive and talk freely about himself and his feelings. About his mother he would state only that she was "O.K." He had ambivalent feelings about his mother—a strong need for maternal warmth but also an awareness that only a limited amount of affection was available. He protected himself against disappointment by not reaching out to others.

Dr. Hartogs concluded that here was definitely a child who had given up hope of making himself understood by anyone about his needs and expectations. In an environment where affection was withheld, he was unable to relate with anyone because he had not learned the techniques and skills which would have permitted it. A diagnosis of incipient schizophrenia was made, based on the boy's detachment from the world and pathological changes in his value systems. His outlook on life had strongly paranoid overtones. The immediate and long-range consequence of these features, in addition to his inability to verbalize hostility, led to an additional diagnosis: "potential dangerousness."

Dr. Hartogs' report was sent to Children's Court with the recommendation that the child be committed to an institution for his own protection and that of the community at large. He felt that treatment might have led to improvement, and that ultimately the boy would have been rehabilitated. His recommendation was not followed.

(The psychiatrist said he was not surprised when Lee Oswald was arrested for the assassination of President Kennedy. "Psychologically," he said, "he had all the qualifications of being a potential assassin. Such a criminal is usually a person with paranoid ideas of grandiosity who can get satisfactory self-vindication only by shocking the entire world and not just a few people. He had to show the world he was not unknown, that he was someone with whom the world had to reckon. When he was 13 he reacted negatively, by withdrawing. It took him a whole lifetime to develop his courage, and then all the accumulated hate and resentment came out. A person like Oswald resents a lifetime of being pushed to the sidelines. He culminates his career of injustice-collecting by committing a supreme, catastrophic act of violence and power.")

In 1954, Lee and his mother were back in New Orleans, and Lee entered the eighth grade at Beauregard Junior High School. Shortly before he graduated from Beauregard in 1955, Lee was asked to fill out a personal history sheet. On the form, he said he had two brothers but did not name them. He identified his religious affiliation as Lutheran but did not list a church. His hobbies were reading and outdoor sports, especially football. He wrote that after school he wanted either to join the military service or become a draftsman. Of his school subjects he liked civics the best, at the least.

When asked to list two personal friends, Oswald wrote two names, then erased them. They are not legible on the sheet.

His grades at Beauregard were generally below average, but his attendance was good. His record cards show he missed only seven days of school during the 1954-55 academic year.

But Lee was having more trouble getting along with his classmates. "He fought with a lot of guys," recalled one. "I don't remember him friends with anyone."

Edward Voebel is one Beauregard schoolmate who remembers Oswald, sympathetically, as a "loner"—a word used increasingly by persons who knew him from

the age of 13 on. "One day he showed me a toy pistol," Voebel said, "and he asked me if it looked real. I told him it didn't. Then some time later, he said he knew where he could get a real pistol, but would have to steal it from a pawn shop. I talked him out of it."

Lee did well on the achievement tests he took when entering Warren Easton High School in the fall of 1955, when he was almost 16. He scored an 88 in reading and an 85 in vocabulary. 55 was regarded as average. In English, mathematics and science his scores were lower.

He stayed in high school less than a month. On Oct. 7, 1955, his mother wrote a letter to the school, saying that her son would have to withdraw because they were moving to San Diego. This was a means to allow Lee to try to enlist in the Marine Corps. Actually, they stayed in New Orleans until late in the summer of 1956.

Lee remained out of school during this time, and apparently began to read avidly at New Orleans libraries. His mother said, "He was bored and restless in school. He used to come home and say, 'I already know all the stuff they're teaching. Why bother with that?' Then he'd go off to the library."

Immediately after his 16th birthday, in October, he tried to enlist in the Marines, but was rejected because of his age. He managed to get several jobs—one as a messenger on the Mississippi River docks, another as a runner for a dental laboratory in New Orleans. In between jobs he read.

"He brought home books on Marxism and socialism," said his mother. "But I didn't worry. You can't protect children from everything, just try to help them see things in the right way. Besides, if those books are so bad, why are they there where any child can get hold of them?"

In August of 1956, Lee and his mother moved back to Fort Worth, and he entered Arlington Heights High School. The pattern of disaffection and separation from the other students, which had its beginning in New York, continued.

There was a poignant reunion with a grammar school acquaintance, Richard Garrett. "He walked up to me in the hall at school," said Garrett. "I remember I had to look down to talk to him, and it seemed strange, because he had been the tallest, the dominant member of our group in grammar school. He looked like he was just lost. He was very different from the way I remembered him. He seemed to have no personality at all. He couldn't express himself well. He just hadn't turned into anybody. He hadn't turned into anybody. I've read where people say he was a loner. Well, he wasn't in the sixth grade but he sure was in high school."

Lee turned out for the "B" football team, which was composed of boys not good enough for the varsity. After practice the team members were supposed to run a short distance at top speed. Nick Ruggieri, the coach, recalled that one of his assistants told him Lee Oswald had refused to sprint with the other boys. Oswald had said that this was a free country and he didn't have to run if he didn't want to.

"I told the boy myself that if he wanted to play he had to finish practice with the sprint, just like the others," says Ruggieri. "He gave me the same answer. I told him to hand in his cleats."

On Oct. 18, 1956, Lee turned 17, old enough to enter the service. He told his mother that he was going to drop out of school and enlist in the Marine Corps. "I just want to do something different," he said. She did not try to talk him out of it. On Oct. 24 he went to Dallas and signed up for three years in the Marines.

He went to San Diego for boot camp and then to Camp Pendleton where he took advanced infantry training. Allen Felde, also 17 at the time, who shared boot camp and advanced training experience with Oswald, said, "He was pretty hard to understand. I remember him as quiet, serious and trying to find himself. The rest of us used to wrestle and horse around, but he would have his bunk in the corner

CONTINUED

POSING AT 17. A Fort Worth photographer picked Oswald and Janet Bowlin just by chance for a yearbook picture. The picture was used though Oswald was at school only a month.





Plenty of room at the rear of the bus.

There's plenty of room in back of a VW Station Wagon because there's no front.

The whole thing is rear.

Beginning to end.

Except for the number of seats (a mere 9), you'd swear you were in the real thing.

There's almost as much headroom as in a real bus, and 21 windows to go around.

The VW is narrower than a real bus, but the doors are even wider.

And if you'd like a genuine, bus-type aisle to pace up and down, it's yours.

The really staggering thing is how much the Volkswagen Station Wagon can hold.

Not quite as much as a real bus, but almost twice what goes into a regular wagon.

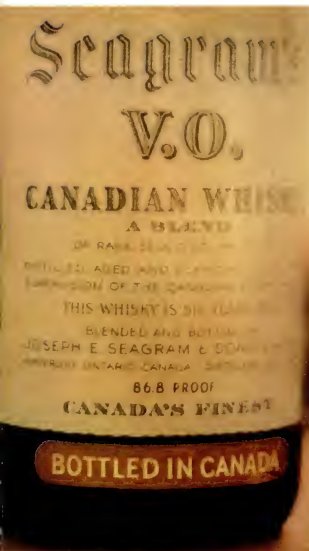
Which is a pretty good trick, considering that the VW is 4 feet shorter.

(The VW is the only bus that can park in a bus stop and still leave room for the bus.)

Outside, the VW Station Wagon may be frontless.

But inside, it's endless.

That great V.O. taste



...you'll like it at first sip.

You don't have to acquire a taste for V.O.

You'll like its brilliant flavor, its special kind of lightness.

Most people do.

Known by the company it keeps...Seagram's Imported V.O.

(DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN CANADA)

'Lee never came to squadron parties'

OSWALD

CONTINUED

and at any time, reading a book. He didn't have any friends."

Donald Goodwin was Oswald's section chief at Pendleton. "He was good with a rifle," Goodwin recalled, "but he was such a hot-head I was glad when he was finally shipped out for radar training. He was always having beefs with the guys. Never could figure out what it was about, really. Just to get into a fight and vent his emotions, I suppose."

His marksmanship record indicates he was only a fair shot, although the Marine courses are notably difficult and anyone who qualifies in them must be able to handle a rifle proficiently. He qualified as a sharpshooter with a score of 212, shooting at distances of 200, 300 and 500 yards. A score of 190 to 209 earns a Marine a qualification as marksman; 210 to 219, a sharpshooter; 220 to 250, an expert. On an easier course, where recruits fired at targets 200 and 300 yards away, he barely qualified with 191. He fired the M-1 rifle on both courses.

From Camp Pendleton, Private Oswald was assigned to the Naval Air Technical Training Center at Jacksonville, Fla. There he was trained as an aviation electronics operator, a job which involved maintaining and repairing aircraft electronics systems both on the ground and in the air. In July 1957 he shipped out of San Francisco for Japan where he was to serve as a radio maintenance man with the First Marine Air Wing at Atsugi Naval Air Station, 35 miles southwest of Tokyo.

At Atsugi he became a part of Marine Air Control Squadron One, known as "Max One" to its members. The mission of this unit, which included at various times between 100 and 150 men, was "to operate electronic and communication equipment for surveillance, aircraft identification and fighter direction and to perform ground control intercept and navigational assistance to friendly aircraft."

"He was a real oddball," said Peter Connor, who bunked in the same barracks with Oswald. "He used to bring up this stuff about his name, Lee. He was proud of it because he said he was named after Robert E. Lee. He thought Robert E. Lee was the greatest man in history. He used to get in lots of fights, but he didn't make

out too well. He had a temper, but wasn't too good a fighter. He was the kind of guy you told to do something, and if he didn't feel like it, he'd tell you to take a walk."

Oswald was court-martialed twice in 1958. On April 11, he was convicted of violating Article 92 by failing to register a personal weapon, a pistol. As a result some of his privileges were taken away. His second court-martial came two months later. He had talked back to an NCO when both were off-duty and had tried to pick a fight with him. The NCO turned him in. Because it was his second offense, Oswald was broken from private first class to private.

"I remember him as being very quiet, but wild when he was drunk," says Peter Cassali, another former member of Oswald's squadron, now a policeman in Bronxville, N.Y. "We used to call him 'Private Oswald,' just to needle him. He was that kind of guy. He'd go on a sport every once in a while, and wake up the barracks when he came back. But he was mostly by himself, and never showed up at any of the squadron parties."

Several ex-Marines recalled that Oswald would occasionally get drunk. This was probably the only time in his life he did much drinking. People who knew him before he went in the service and after think of him as a nondrinker.

In October 1958 Lee celebrated his 19th birthday and was shipped back to the U.S., his tour of overseas duty completed. He was reassigned to the Third Marine Air Wing at the El Toro Marine base near Santa Ana, Calif.

His place apparently was fixed by this time. He began to study Russian by himself. He tried to enter a military language school by taking a test in Russian, but he flunked the qualifying test. So he continued to study on his own.

Former Lt. John E. Donovan, now a physics instructor in Alexandria, Va., was Oswald's commanding officer at El Toro. "He read most of the time," Donovan said, "histories, magazines, books on government and a Russian newspaper he used to get. He spent a lot of time studying the Russian language. There were no pocketbooks or comics for him."

Donovan recalled Oswald as an officer-batter and a troublemaker. "He would ask officers to explain some obscure situation in foreign affairs," he said, "just to show off his superior knowledge. He seemed to be in revolt against any

kind of authority." Oswald played on the squadron football team for a short time. He played end, Donovan said, until he was bounced off the squad "because he kept talking back in the huddle." The quarterback was a captain.

In the summer of 1959 Oswald applied for a hardship release from the Marines. His mother, working in a Fort Worth department store, was injured when a box of glass jars fell and struck her on the head. She was forced to remain in bed for six months, and the medical bills rapidly exhausted her slim savings. "I didn't want to tell Lee and worry him, but finally I wrote," she said that the landlord of her apartment allowed her to bring in a rollaway bed for Lee.

Shortly before his release, Oswald applied for admission to Albert Schweitzer College at Churwalden, Switzerland, a private school with a program in world problems, philosophy, religion, sociology and languages. He was accepted for the spring term of 1960, but he never appeared.

He returned to his ailing mother's apartment. "Of all my sorrow," she said later, "I don't think I will ever forget the shame I felt when my boy entered that small place with a sick mother. In the morning, he said, 'Mother, my mind is made up. I want to get on a ship and travel. I'll see a lot and it's good work.'"

Lee spent only three nights at his mother's house. He had saved \$1,600 from his Marine Corps pay and he was anxious to get where he was going.

Two and a half weeks later Mrs. Oswald got a letter from Lee postmarked New Orleans. "Well, I have booked passage on a ship to Europe," it began. "I would of had to sooner or later and I think it's best I go now."

She learned what he really had in mind when a newspaper reporter called in late October 1959 and said that her son had defected to Russia. "I told them they were crazy," she said. "But I learned it was true. I couldn't understand it." Lee was only a few days past his 20th birthday.

Lee told Soviet officials at first that he was in Russia as a tourist. After two and a half weeks in Moscow, on Oct. 31, he appeared at the U.S. embassy, slapped his passport on a desk and said, "I've made up my mind, I'm through." He said he had applied for Soviet citizenship. The next day, Nov. 1, he was interviewed by Aline Mos-

by, United Press International correspondent, at the Metroropole. "I will never return to the United States for any reason," he declared.

The interview gave him an opportunity, for the first time in his life, to feel important. His opinion was sought. His picture was taken. He responded by being as articulate as he had ever been in his life. He struck Miss Mosby as "a person very determined but unsure of himself, naive and emotionally unbalanced."

"I am a Marxist," Lee told her. "I became interested at about the age of 15. I've seen poor niggers, being a southern boy, and that was a lesson. People hate because they're told to hate, like school kids. It's the fashion to hate people in the United States."

Oswald was also interviewed by Priscilla Johnson, now a Soviet expert of the Russian Research Center at Harvard, who was in Moscow at that time. "He was the most interesting defector I ever saw," she said. "He talked in terms of capitalists and exploiters, and he said something about how he was sure if he lived in the U.S. he wouldn't get a job, that he'd be one of the exploited."

"I didn't perceive what the essential thing was—that this guy would be unhappy anywhere. I had this awful feeling that I could talk him out of it. He knew nothing about Russia. He was like a babe in the woods, like a lost child. He

CONTINUED



MARINE AT 18. At U.S. Naval base in Atsugi, Japan, Oswald flexes his muscles (right). He was a radio technician. He posed in combat gear later (top) at Marine base in California.

CONTINUED

He joined a rifle club, according to what he told a man he knew later in Texas, and became an expert marksman. He was unhappy at being unable to own his own rifle. "The government wouldn't

Things finally fell into place for Oswald in May 1962. The State Department, deciding that Oswald still held American citizenship, granted him a loan of \$435.71. Such loans are routinely made to Americans stranded abroad without funds. On May 30 he wrote

Oswald didn't miss a day on the job until the end of September. Then he simply disappeared. 'The last thing we heard was a letter

A neighbor, Mrs. Ernest Koerner, who lived behind the Oswalds, said that she and her husband often heard the young couple argue.

**SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM
NOTICE OF CLASSIFICATION**

Approval not required

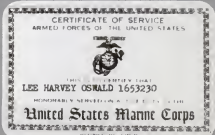
NAME ALAN JAMES HIDE
DATE OF BIRTH 02 23 1952 SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER 123 456 789

Selective Service No. 42 234 567 890 has been classified in Class 1B () by vote of ☐ Appeal Board ☐ Appraisal Board ☐ President

19

THE SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM is based upon the principle of equal service to the Nation. It is the duty of every citizen to serve his country in accordance with the law. The Selective Training and Service Act of 1964, as amended, requires that all male citizens and aliens residing in the United States be classified for service in the Armed Forces of the United States or in the National Guard or in the National Reserve.

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OVERSEAS AT 18. Seated in foreground, Oswald joins his fellow Marines during a break in a U.S. Navy-Marine training exercise on Corregidor in the Philippines in 1958. He was back in the U.S. later that year.

ing in Russian. "They would yell at each other at the top of their voices. I remember that when they'd go out for a walk together, she'd always be a few steps behind him. And it was him who used to take the baby for walks, not her. I had the impression she resented that. She'd run and meet him and take the baby when they got near the house and they would talk to each other in loud voices, like they were arguing."

Oswald forbade his wife to wear lipstick and to smoke. She told a friend about one occasion when he ordered her to get a bottle of cat-snip. "Quit being a commander," she told him. "I am the commander," he barked.

In early October 1962, Oswald, having quit his Fort Worth job, decided to try his luck in Dallas. He moved to the Dallas Y.M.C.A., rented a post office box, and began looking for a job. His wife and daughter stayed behind in Fort Worth. After about three weeks he found work as an apprentice photo printer at Jaggars-Chiles-Stovall, Inc., in downtown Dallas. He rented a small apartment nearby, and his family joined him.

A Dallas friend of Marina's recalled getting an emergency telephone call from Marina shortly after they moved. She went to the Oswalds' apartment and found Marina with a black eye and bruises on her face. She said her husband had beaten her for smoking. Marina stayed with the friend for several days, then moved to the home of another acquaintance. She returned to Lee when he promised to reform.

Lee celebrated his 23rd birthday that month. He had tried military life, and failed; he was now failing in civilian life. He had tried Communism and didn't like it. He wasn't any happier living in a democracy. He had one year and one month left to live.

In November, Marina arranged for her daughter June to be secretly baptized in an Eastern Orthodox Church in Dallas. Father Dmitri, who performed the ceremony, said "it was done in secret because the father was an atheist and was opposed to it."

Lee had got his job as an apprentice photo printer through the Texas Employment Commission,

the same agency that helped him find work in Fort Worth. He was paid \$1.50 an hour. His relations with his fellow workers were, as ever, cold and distant.

During this period Lee and Marina met Mrs. Ruth Paine, the 31-year-old estranged wife of an engineer for Bell Helicopter Co. Mrs. Paine was studying Russian because of her interest in the national Quaker young people's group, which sponsored cultural exchanges of young Russians and Americans. She took an instant liking to Marina.

"I thought her to be a wonderful person," said Mrs. Paine, who has two children. "We were both young mothers and liked to talk about our families and housework. I thought that, perhaps, I could teach her English and she could help me with my Russian. She was by nature a loyal and proud and private person."

Marina and Mrs. Paine exchanged visits during which they spoke Russian. "She used to beg Lee to teach her English," Mrs. Paine says of Marina, "but he only wanted to talk in Russian. He insisted that his daughters learn

Russian. They used to have fights over that."

On March 20, 1963 a high-powered Italian rifle arrived at the post office box Lee had rented. It came from a mail order house in Chicago for an "A. Hidell."

Marina became pregnant again. The baby was due in October. Then Lee lost his job. Oswald's explanation was that "they didn't have enough work." Robert Stovall, president of the firm, said, "He was supposed to learn how to make photographic prints, but he wasn't competent." The firm's financial officer added, "We tried to teach him to make camera prints. He didn't take any pride in his work, or he didn't care."

On April 10 Oswald left the apartment after dinner. At about 11 o'clock Marina found a note in their bedroom from Lee. In Russian, it told her what to do if he left or was arrested. When he

Marina wondered if he was unbalanced

OSWALD CONTINUED

returned home, he told her that he had fired a rifle shot at former Major General Edwin A. Walker, a leader of ultraconservative groups. The bullet, fired through a window, barely missed Walker as he sat in his dining room.

Marina asked Lee why he had done it. He said that Walker was an extremist who deserved to die. She secreted the note in a cook book and warned him that she would show it to the police if he ever did anything similar. She was beginning to wonder if her husband was unbalanced.

In mid-April, according to the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, an organization sympathetic to Cuban Premier Fidel Castro, Oswald wrote a letter to the organization's headquarters in New York. It read, in part: "Since I am unemployed I stood yesterday for the first time in my life, with a placard [sic] around my neck, passing out Fair Play for Cuba pamphlets, etc. I only had 15 or so. In 40 minutes they were all gone. I was cursed as well as praised by some. My home-made placard said, 'Hands off Cuba, Viva Fidel.' I now ask for 40 or 50 more of the fine basic pamphlets."

Vincent Thadorea Lee, national director of the committee, said that someone in the office apparently sent Oswald 50 or more pieces of literature, because there was a notation on the letter which said, "sent 4/19/63."

About April 24 Mrs. Paine visited the Oswalds. "I discovered that

Lee's bags were packed. Marina, who is nothing more than a simple family girl who believes in family ties, suggested that Lea go to his birthplace, New Orleans, to look for work. Lee had agreed, but he was insisting that Marina go back to Russia.

"I felt sorry for her. She was pregnant. She had no other economic alternative. So I offered to let her stay with me for a few weeks until Lee found work in New Orleans. They agreed on this. As far as I know the idea of returning to Russia never came up between them again."

In New Orleans, Lee was hired as a \$1.50-an-hour machinery oiler at William B. Riley & Co., a coffee processing company. He took a \$65-a-month apartment. His landlady, Mrs. J. J. Garner, recalled that Oswald was unpleasant as well as unusual, with a penchant for putting his trash in his neighbors' garbage cans.

She said that twice Oswald put "Leave Cuba Alone" signs on the porch screen in front of the house, and both times she asked him to take them down. The second time she sent her husband, taxi driver Jesse James Garner, to talk to him. "I went over and told him to take the sign down," Garner said, "and Oswald said, 'Who objects to it? I said, 'I object to it,' so he took it down.'"

Mr. Garner regarded Oswald as quiet and intelligent. He also noticed that "he had a military manner about him, walked very erect, looked straight ahead, never paid any attention to anyone."

Oswald obtained a library card

at the Napoleon Branch of the city library. The first book he checked out was *Portrait of a Revolutionary: Mao Tse-tung*. Then *The Berlin Wall*, *The Huey Long Murder Case*, a biography of President Kennedy entitled *Portrait of a President*. This book was later found to have "Fair Play for Cuba Committee, New Orleans, La." stamped on its flyleaf. The Long book dealt with the assassination of the Louisiana senator.

He also took out *What We Must Know about Communism, Russia under Khrushchev*, *Brave New World* and *Ape and Essence* by Aldous Huxley, Ian Fleming's *Goldfinger*, *Moonraker*, *Thunderball* and *From Russia, with Love*.

Lee lost his job at the coffee company on July 19. For the second time in three months, he was fired. One of his superiors explained, "He simply wasn't doing the job."

Oswald had begun collecting \$33 a week in unemployment compensation when he was fired from his Dallas job in April. The checks stopped when he went to work in New Orleans. After he lost his job he reinstated his claim to compensation in Texas, even though he was not living in the state. The payments started again.

On May 26, two weeks and two days after he went to work as a machinery oiler, Oswald wrote his second letter to the Fair Play for Cuba Committee in New York. He was anxious to become more active, and requested "formal membership in your organization."

He decided to stir things up by approaching an anti-Castro Cuban exile leader in New Orleans and offering to help. Carlos Bringuier, New Orleans delegate of the Miami-based Cuban Student Directorate, encountered Oswald about Aug. 5. Bringuier, a lawyer who fled from Cuba in 1961, said Oswald came into the store he manages, introduced himself as an ex-Marine, and said he felt he had the training to fight Castro. He asked for information about the Directorate, and gave Bringuier his *Guide Book for Marines*, which includes instructions in guerrilla tactics.

Bringuier rejected his offer of aid, but kept the guidebook, which had the name "Pvt. Lee H. Oswald" inside the cover. "I was suspicious of him from the start," he said. "But frankly I thought he might be an agent from the FBI or

CIA trying to find out what we were up to."

On Aug. 9, four days later, Bringuier said he was told by another Cuban that a man was on Canal Street distributing Communist propaganda, which said "Viva Fidel" and "Hands Off Cuba."

"I went down there and found out it was the same guy who had come to see me. He tried to shake hands with me, but I refused and called him a traitor. We started arguing. A crowd gathered to watch us. I told them, 'You see, this fellow is a Communist. He wants to do to your country what he has done to us in Cuba.' The Americans started shouting at him. I grabbed his propaganda and threw it on the sidewalk. I was so angry I wanted to hit him. At first he had his hands up, then he dropped them and said, 'Okay, Carlos, go ahead and hit me.' I knew that he wanted me to attack him so he would be a martyr, so I didn't strike him."

Oswald was arrested on grounds of disturbing the peace and he was eventually fined \$10.

In late September, Oswald left New Orleans for the last time and made a seven-day trip to Mexico City. He applied at the Cuban consulate there for a transit visa to the Soviet Union which would permit him to travel to Cuba en route to Russia. His request was for himself only. When the consulate said it could not grant the visa, Oswald went to the Soviet embassy, which told him his request would have to be submitted to Russia and that a reply might take up to three months. Oswald stayed a few more days, then, on Thursday Oct. 3, returned to Dallas.

"Lee called his wife at my home on Friday," said Mrs. Paine. "We were a little put out with him because Marina hadn't heard from him in two weeks. He said he had left his home in New Orleans, dropped by Houston looking for a job, then returned to Dallas. He said he had been in Dallas a few days before calling." He didn't mention his trip to Mexico.

Lee hitchhiked to Irving, the Dallas suburb where Marina was now staying with Mrs. Paine, and spent the weekend with his family. Before he returned to the city on Monday, Mrs. Paine gave him a map of Dallas. "You need one when you're looking for a job," she said.

On Monday, Oct. 14, he presented himself to Mrs. A.C. Johnson, who ran a rooming house at 1028 N. Beckley Avenue, in the Oak Cliff section of Dallas. She told him she had a room, and the rent was \$8 a week, payable in advance. Mrs. Johnson asked for the name of a relative in case of emergency. The young man told



HUSBAND AT 21. Lee Oswald and his Russian bride Marina pose in Minsk soon after their marriage there. He was working in a Soviet factory and had met her at a dance. He brought her home to Texas the following year.

CONTINUED



**By Northern canoe or Southern pirogue...
telephone men give the same good service!**

Working out of Grand Marais, Minnesota, Len Goodell (above), Bob Coffey and Earl Krause maintain telephone service by paddling canoes to island lodges in lakes like Sea Gull and Saganaga. Winters, they snowshoe along the rugged Gunflint Trail in temperatures that touch 40° below. And at any time, they're likely to encounter bears, deer, lynx, wolves or even bull moose that make a game of butting down telephone poles!



Down on Petite Caillou, a beautiful bayou in Louisiana, telephone man Marvin Thibodaux uses a craft called a "pirogue" to reach some customers near the remote village of Cocodrie. He speaks the same Cajun French as his customers, and services the cable that carries telephone calls under the dark waters, the moss-draped oaks, the shrimp boats, to give bayou residents their only direct link with the outside world.

Wherever you live—in the crowded city or the lonely hills—telephone people do their human best to bring you service so good and so dependable that you take it for granted. Sometimes it's delivered under difficulties. Almost always it's courteous. And we keep trying to improve it.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
Serving you

On the rifle range, 'he was excellent'

OSWALD CONTINUED

her, "That won't be necessary. It doesn't matter." He signed his name as O. H. Lee.

Lee Oswald got his last job on a tip from Mrs. Paine. She had heard from a neighbor, Mrs. William Randall, that work was available at the Texas School Book Depository, which receives books from publishers and delivers them to schools and other customers. Lee promptly applied to Roy S. Truly, superintendent of the depository.

"He seemed neat, clean, intelligent, polite, willing to work," Truly said. "I told him it was temporary work and I could give him \$1.25 an hour, with a 40-hour week guaranteed." Oswald said he was a Marine veteran with an honorable discharge.

"I hired him and told him to report to work the next day," said Truly. The hours were 8 a.m. to 4:45 p.m. with 45 minutes for lunch. The work was filling orders—taking an order sheet from the office and roaming through the building gathering the required books, then bringing them to the desk.

He made no friends on the job, but no enemies either. Truly had a favorable impression of him as a worker; he considered it a good sign that he wasn't always talking.

"I might have sent Oswald to work in a warehouse two blocks away," Truly said. "Oswald and another fellow reported for work on the same day and I needed one of them for the depository building. I picked Oswald.

"Every time I saw him, he had an order in his hand end was trying to fill it. I often asked him, 'How are you doing? How is your

baby?' He seemed pleased that anyone was interested. He always answered, 'Very fine, thank you, Mr. Truly.'"

That weekend (Oct. 20) Marina gave birth to a daughter. She was named Audrey Marine Rachel Oswald.

A gunsmith in Irving, Dial D. Ryder, recalled that sometime around the end of October he mounted a telescopic sight on a rifle for a man named Oswald.

On Wednesday, Oct. 23, Oswald attended a large right-wing rally at the Dallas Memorial Auditorium. It was called by the U.S. Day Committee to counteract a scheduled United Nations Day observance in the same auditorium the following night. Oswald heard former Meigs General Walker lambaste the United Nations and Adlai Stevenson.

The first two weekends in November, Oswald rode out to Irving with Wesley Frazier, a young fellow employee and the brother of Mrs. William Randall. Marina was receiving a newspaper from Minsk weekly. Lee read it eagerly. Other times he would play with his daughter June and the new baby or watch television—he particularly liked westerns, war movies, and football games.

He spoke hopefully of being able to rent an apartment in 1964 and reuniting the family. He never referred to his mother. He hadn't seen her since he left Fort Worth in October 1962.

Melcolm Price, who helps operate the Sportadrome rifle range in Grand Prairie, two and a half miles from Irving, recalled that about the weekend of November 9-10, he saw Oswald shooting a rifle at the range. Price says he looked through Oswald's telescopic sight and was impressed by its clarity.

A range customer, Gariand G. Slack, said that he saw Oswald there on the weekend of Nov. 9-10 and also on Sunday, November 17. He remembered that Oswald was an excellent shot—he was impressed by his "tight group," the close cluster of bullet holes he put in his target. "I was getting together 10 men for a turkey shoot and I was interested in getting this fellow because he was shooting such a tight group," Slack said. "But he didn't shoot with us because he didn't have a dollar for the entry fee." Slack said that on Oswald's first visit to the range another man accompanied him.

Oswald did not go to Irving on the weekend of the 16th and 17th. By Monday, the 18th, Marina was beginning to worry about him. She had the telephone number of the rooming house on Beckley Ave., but Lee had told her not to call him there.

"About dinner time," Mrs. Paine recalled, "Marina noticed June playing with the telephone. She said, 'Let's call daddy.' Lee had left us a number to call so I dialed the number for her. I asked for Lee Oswald. The man who answered said there was no Lee Oswald living there. I asked him to make sure. He said no person with that name was there." Mrs. Paine apologized end hung up.

Moments later, Mrs. Paine said, Oswald telephoned and demanded to speak to his wife. "I guess he overheard the phone conversation at the rooming house, because he bawled Marina out. He told her he was living under another name and she should have had better sense than to call him. Marina said she didn't understand the need for such deception."

On the morning of Tuesday, the 19th, the Dallas News announced the route of President Kennedy's motorcade. On his way to the Dallas Trade Mart, where he was to speak, the President would pass directly by the Texas School Book Depository. On Wednesday the papers announced that Kennedy and his wife would arrive at Love Field

from Fort Worth at 11:35, tour the downtown area and arrive at the Trade Mart at 12:30 p.m. This meant that the motorcade would pass the school book building end about 12:25, in the middle of Lee Oswald's 45-minute lunch period.

On Thursday afternoon Oswald asked Frazier to give him a ride back to Irving. "Lee showed up at about 5:15," Mrs. Paine remembered. "Marina and I were both surprised to see him because he hadn't called in several days. He ate dinner with us, played with his children, and went to bed early. As I remember it, the subject of the President's visit the next day did not even come up."

He apparently slept soundly, Mrs. Paine said. "Marina was up twice with the baby, but I didn't hear him at all."

In the morning Oswald rose without waking his wife or Mrs. Paine, dressed in a brownish-red shirt and grey trousers, and made himself some coffee. He left the house at about 7:15. Mrs. Randall was looking out the kitchen window as Oswald approached her house for his ride to work with Frazier. She noticed he was carrying a long thin object wrapped in brown paper. Oswald got into Frazier's parked car, and put the package on the back seat.

Frazier came out of the house end got behind the wheel. He noticed the package in the back end asked Oswald what it was. "Window shades," he was told.

The two men were silent during the drive into Dallas. "About the only time I ever got him to talk was when I asked him about his babies," Frazier said later. "Then he would laugh end tell me about them."

They arrived at the building shortly before 8 a.m. Oswald got out of the car with the package under his arm. Frazier recalled, end "walked into the building ahead of me. I never saw what he did with it."

Apparently Oswald put in a routine morning on the job. Warehouse superintendent Truly saw him filling orders, and remembered greeting him. Oswald replied, "Good morning, Mr. Truly."

A few minutes after noon, as the President and his wife were pulling sway from the airport in the open presidential limousine, an employee in the school book building, Charles Givens, saw Oswald on the sixth floor end said, "Let's go down and watch the President go by." "Not now," Oswald re-

CONTINUED



PROPAGANDIST AT 23. In August 1963 Oswald passed pro-Castro handbills on New Orleans street (far left). He claimed membership in Fair Play for Cuba Committee (card at left) which denied he a representative.



Photo of unrelouced "time pills"

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'He poked a rifle out that window'

OSWALD

CONTINUED

sponded, "Just send the elevator back up."

Truly was leaving for lunch at 12:20 with O. V. Campbell, depository vice president, when they heard the caravan approaching. They watched the President go by. Instants later Campbell heard a shot. At first he thought it was a firecracker, but then he heard the second and third shots and knew it was gunfire. He saw the President's car swerve to the left and slow, then speed away.

Campbell heard someone say, "I saw a young white man poke a rifle out of that window right up there and fire and draw back in." The man pointed to a sixth-floor corner window in the depository building.

Truly and a policeman ran into the building to the elevators but found they were not running. (Later it was determined that an elevator gate had been left open on a floor above.) Truly shouted, "Turn loose the elevators," but there was no response. He led the officer to a staircase and they ran up to the second floor, coming out on a landing with a door leading to the main office of the depository. Truly started up the steps to the third floor, but soon realized the officer was not behind him. He ran back to the depository office and found the policeman in the adjacent lunchroom, a small area with several drink machines, a stove and a sink. The officer had his gun drawn on Oswald, who stood with his back to a Coca-Cola machine. The officer turned to Truly and said, "This boy work here?" Truly said, "Yes." The officer wheeled and ran back onto the second-floor landing. Truly followed him.

Oswald came out of the lunchroom a few moments later with a Coke in his hand. A woman switchboard operator saw him and said, "Wan't that terrible, the President being shot?" Oswald muttered something which

she didn't understand. He walked through the office, down the steps to the first floor and out the front door. It was about 12:35.

At 12:40, Oswald knocked on the door of a bus on Elm Street. The driver allowed him to get on. But the bus was unable to make any headway in the congestion. Oswald got up and asked for a transfer. He got off the bus and ran two blocks to a Greyhound bus terminal, where William Whaley was parked in his taxi at the curb.

"Can I take this cab?" Oswald asked. Whaley motioned for him to get in.

"Take me to 500 North Beckley," Oswald said. The ride took about five minutes. It was now a few moments after one o'clock.

Oswald jumped out of the taxi five blocks from his rooming house, gave Whaley a dollar for the 95-cent ride, and ran to his room.

Mrs. Earlene Roberts, the housekeeper, saw him and said, "My, you're sure in a hurry." He left his room wearing a gray zippered jacket. He ran through the living room and out the front door.

Oswald was next seen on East 10th Street, about seven blocks from his room. Mrs. Helen Markham, who was waiting for a bus, said she saw a police car stop and the policeman beckon to the slender man in the gray jacket. (A description of Oswald had been sent out over the police radio after a count of employees at the schoolbook building revealed he was missing.)

Mrs. Markham said Oswald walked to the patrol car, leaned down and spoke to the officer through the window. Then, she said, the officer got out. "All of a sudden they stopped," she said, "looked at each other and he [Oswald] pulled his gun and shot him down." The policeman, J. D. Tippitt, died instantly.

A block away a used car salesman heard shots and saw a man trotting along the sidewalk. "He had a pistol in his hand," said

the salesman, Ted Callaway. "I got a real good look at him. It was Oswald. I picked him out of a police lineup that night."

Between Madison and Bishop Avenues on Jefferson Boulevard, Oswald ran into the entranceway of a shoe store and stood gasping for breath. The store manager, John Brewer, noticed that he was breathing hard, and that his shirt tail was out. "He looked scared," Brewer said. Brewer had just heard of Officer Tippitt's murder and so he decided to follow Oswald.

Oswald left the shoe store entrance and dashed a half block to the Texas Theater, where two war movies—*War Is Hell* and *Cry Battle*—were playing. He got into the theater without either the cashier or the usher seeing him. Store manager Brewer watched him enter the theater. Then he told theater usher Butch Burroughs that a possible murderer had entered the theater. They checked the emergency exits to make sure they were closed and asked the cashier, Mrs. Julie Postal, to call police. It was almost 2 o'clock.

Police cars screeched up to the theater. A sergeant ordered the house lights turned on. Brewer walked onto the stage and pointed out Oswald, sitting in the center section, three rows from the rear. Oswald turned and yelled, "This is it." He pulled his gun as Officer N. M. McDonald reached him. The hammer of the gun clicked, but it didn't fire.

As Oswald slashed McDonald in



WIFE AND CHILD. Marina dresses June 2, who was born in Russia. Her sister, Rachel, 4 months old, was born at same hospital where President Kennedy and her father died.

the face with the pistol, three more policemen jumped into the fight. One punched Oswald in the eye. He was subdued and dragged from the theater. A crowd had gathered on the street, drawn by the police cars. The country had been told an hour earlier that President Kennedy was dead. The crowd shouted, "Kill him! Kill him!" as Oswald was led past them.

Two days later, at the age of 24 years, one month and six days, Lee Harvey Oswald was mortally wounded in the basement of the Dallas police station by Jack Ruby.



ASSASSIN-TO-BE AT 23. Full version of photograph which appears on LIFE's cover shows Oswald proudly holding a Trotskyite newspaper, *The Militant*, in one hand and rifle he used to shoot President Kennedy in the other. Dallas police have confirmed that this is the rifle found in the Texas Book Depository. On Os-

wald's hip is revolver which killed Dallas policeman J. D. Tippitt. Oswald posed for photograph in spring of 1963 outside his home in Dallas. He set the camera and then, handing it to Marina, directed her to take the picture. Shortly after, Oswald shot at Major General Edwin Walker. Seven months later, he killed the President.



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The two favorites at the show were the boxer, Painted Lady, who posed classically for judges, and Top Billing, the miniature poodle, who, with his hair in wrappers, endured hours of touch-up grooming before the finale.



Westminster's Winner—

The whippet did it—the one who wound up the color gallery of top show dogs in *LIFE* in the issue before last (Feb. 7). Breaking all precedent at the Westminster Kennel Club show in New York last week, Ch. Courtenay Fleetfoot of Pennyworth high-stepped over all competition to win Best in Show.

First Ricky—as he is called around the kennels—beat 18 dogs of his own breed. Next he went on to beat 19 other best-of-breeds in the hound group, including a top-winning greyhound which until recently had been top hound of the country. Then he came to the finals against five other best-of-breeds. Among them were two other dogs (above) of *LIFE*'s gallery. The ebullient boxer, Treceder's Painted Lady, has won more top show ribbons than any other dog around and was given the best chance. The elegant miniature poodle, Tedwin's Top Billing, was close behind. And an engaging Maltese momentarily caught the fancy of the gallery. But Ricky never made a wrong move. He posed with artful grace, trotted up and down in feathery rhythm. Many other breeds at a show "ask for it"—put on a display of personality to help win. But Ricky was a cool, aloof performer, seemingly so sure of himself that he hardly had to ask. The judge barely hesitated in making Ricky the first whippet ever to win the highest of all show dog awards.





a Whippet

At the moment of victory (for left) Ricky's handler, Bob Forsyth, sweeps him off the floor in triumph while the losing boxer jumps in the excitement and the poodle ignores the fuss. A staunch trouper, Ricky posed beside

his cup (left) for 40 minutes. Then, outfitted against the cold, he was carried off (above) by his owner, Mrs. Margaret Newcombe, to her hotel room where he finally relaxed (below), keeping a languid, weary eye on his prize.



LEISURE PART II

Raised on a diet
of success
through hard work,
Americans now face
a glut of leisure



The Task Ahead: How

by ERNEST
HAGEMANN

If all the year were playing holidays," said William Shakespeare, "to sport would be as tedious as to work." Historian Thomas Carlyle said that "a life of ease is not for any man, nor for any god." Samuel Butler observed dourly, "One great reason why clergymen's households are generally unhappy is because the clergyman is so much

athomeandcloseaboutthehouse."

With almost complete unanimity the philosophers of bygone eras would have been appalled by the amount of idleness inherent in the 30-hour week now in prospect, and would have thrown up their hands altogether at the thought of the almost totally "workless world" which, as noted in last week's

article, is envisioned by some of the more far-out prognosticators. Throughout his history man has always been, as one anthropologist puts it, "a working animal," apparently ill equipped by training to absorb leisure in any but the smallest doses.

Of all the men who ever walked the face of the earth probably no-



to Take Life Easy

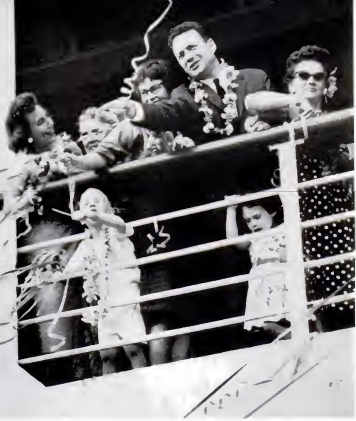
holy was ever worse fitted to make the adjustment to an Age of Leisure than the modern Americans who made it all possible. We spring from a long line of compulsive go-getters, and the joys of contemplation are not a part of our tradition. The Puritans who first settled these shores were highly disciplined men and women. They be-

lieved in hard work as mankind's destiny and thought it sinful to waste time at such frivolous pastimes as card-playing or dancing. Our folklore is full of such sayings as "The Devil finds work for idle hands." Millions of Americans still alive grew up on the hooks of Horatio Alger, whose hero was the embodiment of the American dream

—a poor boy who, through burning ambition, hard work and self-denial, at last became rich. Even the wealthy in America have always honored the hard-work tradition. We have never had an idle-rich class like England or France; with a few exceptions our sons of the wealthy have gone out and taken jobs like everybody else.

The U.S. has had few rivals as the hardest working, most efficient nation in history. It was almost inevitable that first the assembly line and now automation should have originated here. It is also inevitable, unfortunately, that the new Age of Leisure which our giant industrial accomplishments have spawned will catch us less prepared

*F*orerunners of the advancing army of leisure-seekers, a gaggle of golfers practice putting while awaiting their turn to tee off at a municipal course in New York.



Tomorrow's ideal American —retired for 45 years and never a bored moment

LEISURE

CONTINUED

to welcome it than anybody else.

"One trouble with us Americans," an anthropologist has said, "is that we carry our work habits over into our leisure hours." The American does not just pick up and go bowling when the spirit moves him. He joins a bowling league, which means that, henceforth, he is obligated to show up promptly at 7:45 p.m. every Tuesday night for the rest of the winter, as if punching a time clock at a factory. If he takes up golf, he is not content to whack at the ball and enjoy the scenery; instead he contracts for a series of lessons and spends an hour every evening painfully practicing chip shots in his back yard. He does not read for fun, but to improve his mind and render his conversation less boring.

He justifies amateur sports not as being fun, which they are, but as "character building," which is a more dubious proposition. He takes a walk not to admire the beauties of nature but to keep down his cholesterol level. All the

while, no matter how hard he works at his leisure, he still feels vaguely guilty about wasting his time.

What has come to be called our "weekend neurosis" is only an exaggerated version of a worry that nags most Americans whenever we cannot conclusively demonstrate that we are accomplishing something. Furthermore, we drive ourselves at such a pace that we scarcely ever pause to appreciate the very real benefits that our toil has produced. Only when a sudden crisis in Cuba or Berlin makes us realize we may lose it all do we see how immensely important such simple things as a walk in the country or an evening with the children can be.

Of the few Americans who have chosen in the past to live lives of leisure, and the greater number who have been forced into it by illness or retirement, those who have had the least trouble seem to have been the ones with the most education—and also with money enough to enable them to take advantage of their opportunities. True, some business tycoons and university deans have gone into a decline after retirement and died much sooner than would normally have been expected. But many others have eagerly under-

taken civic work or caught up on their traveling and reading, and sometimes have found retirement more rewarding than their careers.

One such man, who greatly impressed the staff of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, was the late Daniel Nugent. Owner of a big department store in St. Louis, he sold it in 1916, when he was only 27, and promptly retired to a hilltop in Santa Barbara. There he spent his days admiring the beauties of nature, reading omnivorously and using his money to do good deeds. After the Center moved to Santa Barbara and became his neighbor, he was invited to discuss the problem of what men of the future will do with all their spare time. The outlook, the staff agreed, was most depressing. Nugent, then an old man, listened patiently for a while and at last was moved to protest: "Gentlemen, I myself have not been gainfully employed for some 45 years—and I assure you that there are not enough hours in the day."

People of less education and with less money have generally found it much harder to fill their time. One university study of retired steelworkers, for example, showed that most of them joyously spent the first year doing all the fishing they had dreamed of. Three years later most of these same men did not even own a fishing rod and, as a matter of fact, did nothing much but sit around, silent and glum, presumably wishing they

Ending the kind of vacation that needs a lot of leisure—and money—Stanley Nelson of Seattle stands at ship's rail surrounded by some of the 23 members of his family he treated to a Hawaiian holiday.

were young enough to go back to a job which for most of their lives they had thought they hated.

Philosopher Paul Weiss, in a paper written for a recent symposium on leisure, pointed out that, for many uneducated or incompetent people, spare time is not just a bore but a wounding psychological experience: "Interested in reading, they are comparatively illiterate; interested in the arts, they are rather uncultivated or insensitive; interested in new experience, they are somewhat timid or unimaginative. . . . Leisure time for them is a period of exposure, and sometimes of self-discovery, when they are anxious, anguished and defeated, gaining little except an awareness of their limitations and comparative inferiority."

How then to provide enough education for an Age of Leisure? What will be the fate of the 7.5 million high school dropouts of this decade—ill prepared even for a job, much less for a rich life of leisure? What about the millions of people whose intelligence-test scores mark them as incapable of absorbing an education? These are worrisome questions. The only ray



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use of leisure is more
wholesome . . . than work'**

All organized for their leisure, members of the Polo, Ill. Le Tourneau Bowling League work out at their weekly meeting.

LEISURE

CONTINUED

of hope seems to be the theory of some educators that perhaps the I.Q. reflects not really intelligence but only a person's ability to learn the particular kinds of skills taught by our present schools. In a different kind of school, designed for the new kind of world, perhaps many people would not be nearly so uneducable as they now seem.

In the past, many thinkers about the new Age of Leisure have noted that our public school system has always been thought of as a device for training people to get ahead. From kindergarten on, the pupil is admonished to study hard and work hard, lest he be a failure after graduation. English is taught more for its usefulness in writing a business letter than for the fact that it is the language of Shakespeare and Shelley. Mathematics is taught more for its usefulness in coping with income tax forms than for the inner beauty of its own logic. "We do a great job," one

scholar has said, "of educating the capacity for leisure out of our children very early in their lives." Ever since Sputnik caused an agonizing reappraisal of the practical value of our schools, this process has been speeded. Today's university students, although they are about to enter a more leisurely world than ever before known, are forced to study and work much harder than any generation of students that preceded them.

In the opinion of most of the sociologists and psychiatrists who have been thinking about the future, our schools will have to undergo a drastic change. They will have to start teaching a philosophy appropriate to our new age of easy abundance, not to the scraping and scrambling of the past. But of course this raises the question of who will teach the teachers, and of how any institution as big and unwieldy as our school system can suddenly do an about-face. It may take a long time, the more pessimistic thinkers believe, before the Age of Leisure provides any real spiritual comfort and happiness for the great bulk of people.

"There will be a lot of boredom in the new world," one prognosticator has said, "until people catch

on that you can relax and enjoy it." We are simply going to have to adopt the *erecto*, says President James Charlesworth of the American Academy of Political Science, that "the wise use of leisure is more wholesome, creative and elevating than is work." But as W. H. Ferry of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions has pointed out, "This means we will have to change all our basic cultural standards—and that isn't easy."

One expert who is eminently worth listening to at length on the subject of what is likely to happen to men's souls in the world ahead is Dr. Paul Haun, chairman of the American Psychiatric Association's committee for the study of leisure. Dr. Haun is a student not only of leisure and the human psyche but also of history and philosophy. He has been thinking about the impact of automation for many years, long before most people were even aware of it, and he has reached some conclusions that are in sharp contrast to much of the pessimism which surrounds our fate in the new Age of Leisure.

Dr. Haun is no shallow Pollyanna: in one of his own more pessimistic moments, indeed, he has ventured the guess that the transition to the Age of Leisure may

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BODY BY FISHER



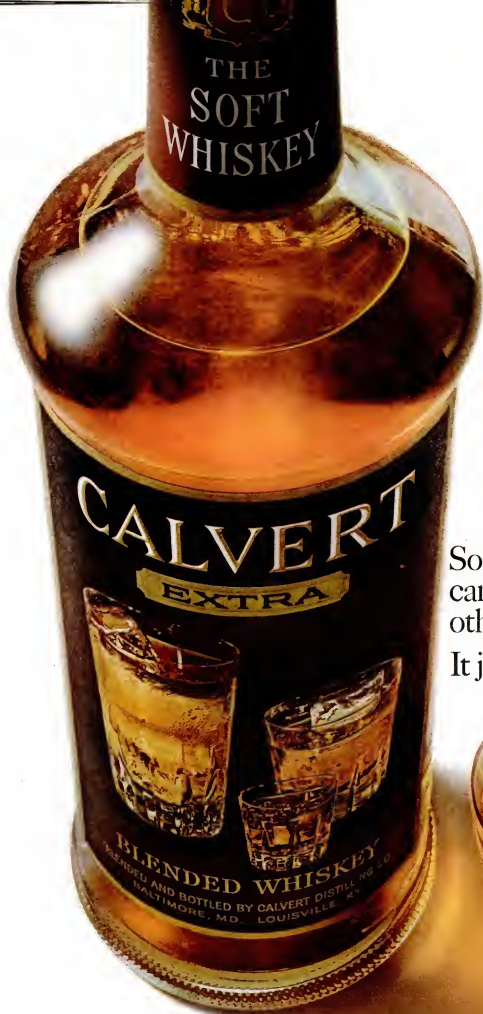
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The future may bring back the neighborhood handyman and the small shop owner

LEISURE CONTINUED

make the dislocations of the Industrial Revolution "look like a Sunday school picnic." But he also believes that automation presents mankind with the most exciting opportunity of all history—and that unless man muffs it completely, through shortsightedness or a stubborn unwillingness to bend with the times, it must of necessity result eventually in a world that will make even the Golden Age of Greece look like tarnished brass.

In sheerly physical terms, the Age of Leisure is bound to produce a marvelous world—full of comforts and luxuries beyond anything yet known. Up to now, however, in giving us more and more mechanical comforts like automobiles and air conditioning, mass production has also taken away some valued old ones: gone, for example, are the family doctor who had time to make unhurried house calls, the corner grocer with his own delivery cart, the neighborhood carpenter.

On the other hand, every production job taken over by automation potentially frees someone to take part in a great renaissance of personal service and attention to individual taste, to beauty and even to elegance—in other words, to *comfort*, which will become one of the happiest of all the aspects of the Age of Leisure.

As these manufacturing industries become more and more automated, the workers they once employed can be expected to move into all the kinds of work that cannot possibly be done by machines—into nursing, into the building of one-of-a-kind houses, into the manufacture of custom-made furniture. Many experts think that the one-man service institution, the small shop, is destined to make a comeback. If they are right, there will once again be corner butchers who lovingly carve out the kind of beef roasts that Mrs. Smith prefers and the veal chops with a kidney left attached that Mrs. Jones likes to have saved for her. There will be neighborhood tailors who sew buttons back on the clothes they dry-clean and who stand ready to

alter a suit properly to fit the man whose shoulders are narrower than average, or an overcoat to fit the man whose waistline is way above normal. The new U.S. will have neighborhood handymen who can mend a broken chair leg and neighborhood mechanics who will keep every automobile on the block tuned to perfection.

As a matter of fact, mankind now possesses for the first time the tools and knowledge to create whatever kind of world he wants. Since automated production no longer requires great concentrations of population, he will be free to decide whether he wants to live in cities or in the countryside, or both. He can decide, if he chooses, how many people should occupy the earth. Above all, he will have time to explore and to develop himself—and his opportunity will not be tainted, as was the leisure of the ancient Greeks, by being erected on the backs of slaves. The new Age of Leisure will rise on the backs of machines, not of other men. Among the many evils of scarcity which can now be abandoned, indeed, is man's inhumanity to man.

Dr. Haun likes to point out that the history of humanity up to now, for all the obstacles and all the pages of cruelty and bloodshed, is a remarkable chronicle, filled with almost unbelievable accomplishment. In all kinds of societies, under all kinds of conditions, man has demonstrated tremendous potentialities. The illiterate and impoverished workmen of the Middle Ages erected the most noble of cathedrals. The artists of the Renaissance, though living in a violent and disease-ridden age when life expectancy perhaps averaged less than 30 years, created the most breathtaking kind of art. Other men, under the most trying circumstances, have created marvelous systems of law and of government, of religion and philosophy. Given freedom from scarcity, given time for contemplation, what may man not hope to accomplish next? What hitherto unsuspected capacities may he suddenly display?

As Dr. Haun puts it, "We have the opportunity now for the development of all of our human

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LEISURE CONTINUED

potentialities, whatever they may be. And if we can just arrange to encourage the free development of all the potentialities which man has already shown, plus X number of potentialities we haven't yet dreamed of, then we'll have what I consider a utopia."

What stands in the way? Well, for one thing, force of habit. The old struggle for survival has been stamped into man's nervous system like the printed circuit of a modern television set. We have spent all our energies making and accumulating material things; we have competed among one another for bigger and better houses, more luxurious automobiles, for mink coats and gold cuff links. All these things have been valued less for their own beauty and usefulness than as status symbols—as proof of hard work, virtue, social prestige, standing in the community.

Mankind's recent history and present predicament are like the fable of King Midas. Like Midas, the whole human race asked for the golden touch. Cold and starving, in imminent danger of perishing, humanity prayed above all else for abundance. Now, at last, we have it. Everything we touch turns to material wealth. And just as King Midas found himself loveless and in danger of starving because everything he touched turned to gold, we find ourselves in danger of spiritual starvation.

Two farmers in Attica, Kan. take time from their plowing to indulge in a nonrural pastime—admiring the paintings in a local art show.

Even if the scientists and economists who expect the most of automation turn out to have exaggerated its possibilities, we shall nonetheless soon be living in a world where material goods are so abundant as to have lost all their prestige value. Men will no longer be judged by their wives' jewelry or the number of automobiles they own, or even by the size of their bank accounts. As King Midas was forced to do, we will have to renounce our old desires and find a new set of values. On the matter of work, we will have to recognize that every kind of contribution is valuable, and that the factory hand who performs his job with skill and pride is no less a man than the company president. For the fulfillment we once found almost solely in work, we shall now have to look to our more prosperous, more bountiful leisure.

But, says Dr. Hauri, something else stands in our way: the national sense of guilt about leisure—the unfortunate fact that "we bought the Protestant ethic blindly." We accepted the stern dictate of Carlyle, the philosopher of the Industrial Revolution, that "work is alone noble." We forgot the Biblical injunction that there is also a time to laugh and a time to dance.

These are the obstacles—the only two, in Dr. Hauri's opinion, of any importance. "If we could

CONTINUED



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Zipper than pineapple juice, sweeter than orange! That's the big flavor surprise in Dole Pineapple-Orange Juice. 2½ lbs. of fresh-squeezed fruit in every can—no sugar added. Vitamin C'd to the brim! Fresh-frozen by Dole and nobody else. You should try it for breakfast tomorrow!

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Who'd steal an orphan's T-shirt?

We can't prove this, but we suspect it was another orphan.

We gave a set of striped T-shirts to each of 100 boys to wear through the summer. The T-shirts were all alike—except that half were made of Durene yarn and the others of ordinary combed cotton.

We asked the boys to change

every day and alternate between the Durene shirts and the others. Our laboratory picked up the dirty shirts, washed and returned them to be worn again.

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The report from the orphanage was something else again. They apologized, but they were unable to return several dozen of our shirts. The boys meant no harm. Could we forgive them?

We could. After all, they swiped the Durene shirts three-to-one

over the others. Where could we get a better testimonial than that?

P.S. We ought to mention that Durene is the miracle cotton yarn that makes clothes wash cleaner, look brighter, feel more comfortable, and wear far longer. You'll find it in more and more products from America's top clothing manufacturers. (They do cost more, but they're worth it.) Nothing stays as new as DURENE.

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A Total Electric community by Westinghouse, NALCREST, in East Lake Wales, Florida, is a dream come true for senior citizens. It is one of the first self-contained retirement villages, non-sectarian, non-profit, and open to retired folks in all walks of life. Built by Stevmier, Inc., under the sponsorship of the National Association of Letter Carriers (AFL-CIO), it provides luxurious year-round living at low cost. (Similar communities are being planned for eight other organizations.) Every facility, including stores, hobby shops, medical dispensary, post office, auditorium, and chapel, is in the Town Center. A private beach and good fishing are within the community itself, while excellent hunting and a fine golf course of championship class are nearby. If you are interested, NALCREST will be happy to hear from you.

Wherever electricity is used in NALCREST, Westinghouse products are in service. From the light bulbs in the living room to the lamps on the streets, from the home appliances to the control panel in NALCREST's own water supply and sanitary sewage system... everything is from Westinghouse. And each apartment is comfortable all year long—heated and cooled by a Westinghouse WhispAir® heat pump. Westinghouse is proud to have played so important a part in providing better, happier living for those who have reached the golden years of life. *You can be sure . . . if it's Westinghouse.*



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Waldech is a remarkable new beer. Neither an American premium, nor an import, Waldech creates a new third taste in beer. It is brewed in America, but in limited quantities and to an Old World formula.

What makes this new third taste? You may decide this unique taste comes from Waldech's imported Tettnang hops, hand-picked and grown only in the small Lake Constance area in Germany's Duchy of Baden. Or, you may give the credit to Waldech's fine strain of specially grown two-row Hanchen barley malt, famous for smoothness of character.

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Available in single bottles, six-packs and 24-bottle cartons



You've tried American premiums

And expensive imports

Now Waldech brings you the third taste in beer



The trick is not to fall prey to the Great American Guilt Complex

just bring ourselves to believe in the virtue of excellence rather than of status," he says, "that would be about half the battle. If we could convince ourselves that the pursuit of pleasure is a virtue, that would be another long step forward."

And he sees hope all around that both these attitudes are possible. There are already hundreds of thousands of men who work more for their own satisfaction and for the esteem of their peers than for material reward. A man who becomes a teacher or preacher, for example, knows that he will never be a millionaire; so do the social worker, the career diplomat and the man in the Peace Corps.

As for finding pleasure in leisure, the potential seems to be there when it can be developed before the great American guilt complex takes hold. The nation's housewives, who are exempt from the pressure to get ahead, seem to find unmitigated enjoyment in visiting the neighbors for a long chat over an unhurried cup of coffee. More than one expert has observed women are the lucky ones; they will have far less trouble than men adjusting to the new age.

Many of the authorities currently pondering the Age of Leisure are busy drawing up lists of what people should and should not do with their spare time. They tend to deplore fishing, television and spectator sports and to favor adult education, poetry readings and pottery making. (Dr. Charlesworth, for example, is so bitterly opposed to spectator sports that he has proposed tearing down the football stadium at the University of Pennsylvania, where he teaches, and replacing it with tennis courts.)

To Dr. Haun any such thinking would lead us right up the path to what he calls "an anti-hill society"—like those depicted in *Brave New World* or 1984, in which a self-appointed elite decides what is best for mankind and enforces its edicts through secret police and brainwashing. An optimist about human nature, Dr. Haun wants to let every man decide for himself, just so long as he does not interfere with others or start destroying himself with morphine.

"The only way you can measure the value of a leisure activity," he says, "is by the amount of pleasure it gives the person who's engaged in it. As long as a man is enjoying himself to the hilt, I don't give a damn what he's doing; he's got it made." If Dr. Haun has his way, the recreation experts of the future will confine themselves to showing the man in the street all the rich variety of possible spare-time activities—and inventing new ones—and then getting out of the way.

Despite our Protestant ethic, there are many signs that the message is beginning to get through to some people. In a growing number of real estate developments the neighborhood golf course is being built right along with the houses, to the delight of the over-crowded and fast-growing army of six million U.S. golfers. Boating, skin-diving, skiing—virtually all the big participant sports—have been booming for years, and so have such spectator sports as horse racing and pro football. The introduction of jet travel, enabling secretaries and shoppers to turn a three-week vacation into an overseas tour, has been a phenomenon of the decade; and still higher speeds and lower fares will soon make jet-setters of us all.

What might be called second-stage leisure—the appreciation of culture—is on the rise as well. Not only have people shown a willingness to stand in line for hours for a chance to look at the Mona Lisa, but they have turned the sedate book publishing industry into a \$1.6 billion-a-year business—up 115% in 10 years.

Even the compulsive American tendency to be a joiner is convertible to the uses of the new age. Not only are Americans flocking into bowling leagues and garden clubs, they are satisfying their gregarious urges in countless neighborhood committees to improve the local roads and garbage collections and to bound their public servants into doing what the name implies.

The great lesson that is beginning to emerge is one that the philosophers have known for a long

CONTINUED

Nervous stomach? Him?



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PSORIASIS SYMPTOMS— 13 common trouble spots:

- | | | |
|---------------|---------------|-------------|
| (1) scalp | (5) arms | (10) knees |
| (2) neck | (6) hands | (11) thighs |
| (3) shoulders | (7) chest | (12) legs |
| (4) elbows | (8) back | (13) feet |
| | (9) mid areas | |

But no matter where itching and scaling of psoriasis may strike, new TEGRIN brings guaranteed relief.

TEGRIN



LEISURE

CONTINUED

time: happiness is a virtue in itself. Only a happy person can be a good husband, good wife, good father, good mother, good boss or good worker. Painfully little happiness has been available to past generations; in many ways we have been living in a sick world, pulled by conflicting motives, driven into our own selfish shells, unable to communicate freely.

But now, as Dr. Haun foresees it, "All the ideals we've held but never fulfilled—goals like tolerance, brotherhood, civil rights—all these will be much more attainable when all of us are happier. The happy man not only respects himself but has enough left over—enough in the bank—to respect others."

Of course this transformation of the human spirit will not occur overnight, human nature being as ornery as it is. Even in the prosperous West there are still serious problems of poverty and deprivation which must be dealt with. New ones will crop up as our fast-shifting economy adapts to the new age. Those of us living through the transition period will almost certainly have more problems than the generations that follow: frontiersmen have always had it rough. But the very prospect of building the new civilization is a vast and exciting challenge. Indeed, helping to shape new outlets for man's energy may prove to be the way to convert the hostile competitiveness of today's leaders to more fruitful ends.

The Greeks, freed from manual labor by their slaves, invented the science of mathematics and wrote the Western world's first important literature and philosophy. Most of the world's great art and music has been produced by men who were freed by their wealthy patrons from the necessity of earning a living. Surely it will take a hundred Louvres and Metropolitan Museums to house the paintings of the future, and thousands of orchestras to play the new symphonies. True, even in the world of the future most people will never produce a work of art; as Historian Arnold Toynbee pointed out, only a "minority of a minority"—a small fraction of the small number of people privileged to live lives of leisure and contemplation in the past—has ever been truly creative. But, for a man who is so inclined, it satisfies the soul just to try unsuccessfully, or to look and listen.

As a matter of fact, one need not be even a highbrow, much less a genius, to relish the universe. It is also soul-satisfying, once one has learned the knack of thinking so, just to lie in a hammock and study those mysterious and ever-changing clouds forming their miraculous patterns in the sky—a small privilege, to be sure, but a happy one which most of our ancestors were far too busy to enjoy.

Basking in the Caribbean sun, Walter Phillips, a former New York businessman who retired at the age of 52 to build and operate a vacation resort in the Virgin Islands, enjoys the leisure of his new life there.





Buick Motor Division

We took an expensive name, an expensive ride, expensive performance and a very expensive look...and made a surprisingly inexpensive car. Buick LeSabre.

And it wasn't easy. But nothing's too good for a Buick buyer, we say. This '64 LeSabre is all Buick, which should be enough for anybody. That gentle Buick ride, impressive Buick performance, obvious Buick styling...oh, my. A LeSabre is everything you'd expect a Buick to be. Except it costs less. It even goes easier on gasoline, even if it does sport an impressive V-8. You don't have to take our word for it. Ask any Buick dealer.

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Any shampoo will get rid of dandruff. For a while.

But now there's a shampoo that keeps fighting dandruff even after you rinse it off. It contains a new substance from Olin that tackles the fungi that are often at the bottom of the problem. Even after thorough rinsing, Zinc Omadine® stays on

the scalp and actually keeps the organisms from growing.

The shampoo (Procter & Gamble's new "Head & Shoulders") smells good, lathers richly. You use it like any ordinary shampoo. Just one difference. In a test among

dandruff sufferers, 93% showed improvement. In 64%, the scaling problem was completely eliminated.

Fair warning to fungi and bacteria: next on Zinc Omadine's little list are athlete's foot, perspiration odor, acne...

400 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

Cocky boy wonder of chess begins to grow up



Victorio is Bobby shrugs off congratulations (above) on his latest U.S. title, then stands at magnetized board to explain moves in a crucial game.

One-Track Mastermind

In all the world there is only one chess player—a Soviet Armenian named Tigran Petrosian, the world champion—who might be expected to beat the young man shown here. But the young man, Bobby Fischer, who eats, sleeps and breathes chess, doesn't think Petrosian could win. Now that Fischer has just taken his sixth U.S. championship, most experts agree with him. Though he is not quite 21, he has brought back master tournament honors from all over the world to his native Brooklyn. In the process he has played Petrosian 10 games and won only once. But these meetings were always in tournaments which Fischer says the Russians organize in such a way as to insure their own victory. "I'll never play in one of those rigged tournaments again," he says. "They clobber us easy in team play. But man to man, I'd take Petrosian on any time." In the first years of Bobby's boy-wonder status such statements gave him a well-deserved reputation for cockiness. To see what Bobby has become in his young manhood, turn the page.



CONTINUED



Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price P.O.E. East Coast for Opel Kadett Wagon \$1817.95. Slightly higher West Coast P.O.E. Prices include white sidewall tires and reimbursement for Federal Excise Tax (transportation, accessories, optional equipment, state and local taxes additional).

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It costs like a little foreign car.

The clever back door is really the whole back of the car.

When it swings up you're looking into 50 cubic feet of cargo space.

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And seat belts. And doors that make that good solid General Motors "thunk."

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Opel Kadett: the new little German car with General Motors behind it.



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CHESS CONTINUED

at it but not vice versa. You need to be able to look far ahead and you need a good memory. I can remember every big match I've ever played."

He has played some big ones—in Russia, Curaçao, South America, Yugoslavia and nearly everywhere except the Orient. He would love to play there too—and not just for chess reasons.

"I'd like to see what the services are like there," he says. "You know, like rickshaws. And I'd like to have a suit made in Hong Kong. I hate ready-made suits and button-down collars and sports shirts. I don't want to look like a bum. I get up in the morning, I put on a suit."

Bobby lives alone in the Brooklyn apartment he used to share with his mother and sister. His sister, who is now the wife of a physician in California, taught him chess when he tired of parcheesi and other children's games. His mother, whom he credits with "a sort of antitalent for chess," now lives in England. She and his father separated when Bobby was a baby.

"Women are lousy at chess," says Bobby. "They're meant to stay home. I bet I could take any man of average intelligence, a rank beginner, give him oh, around two months of lessons, and have him at the end of that time beat the women's world champion. Any man."

Except for such things as his bouts with pinball machines, and an occasional visit to the circus ("I like the freaks and acrobats best"), Bobby's days are devoted unswervingly to chess. "I go grab

something to eat at the Automat. I pick up the *Times*, see if it's got anything on chess, then read the *News*. But mostly I read chess magazines. I get around 10 a month. You have to keep up. I've learned enough Russian and some of those languages to make out their chess magazines. Chess is much more popular other places than here. The Latvian chess magazine has a circulation of 30,000 a month; ours is only 9,000."

Sometimes Bobby goes to foreign bookstores in search of old and odd chess literature. Sometimes he drops by at one of New York's several chess clubs. He is only a little curious about the feast of wonders that is New York. He has been to racetracks, but not to place any bets ("Those guys that bet are mostly bums"). Even the pinball machines, to Bobby's way of thinking, prove something about his first and only love: "Those machines are amusing and relaxing," he says. "You can test your skill. But it's hard to get good at them. Sometimes the mechanism breaks down and it gets out of control. Chess isn't like that. Chess depends on you."

Always in his mind are the 64 squares of a chessboard, with its pieces arranged in one of millions of possible combinations. Always he is thinking of his next match.

"It's not exactly easy, keeping up the championship," he says. "It'll keep me busy all the rest of my life."

As a stranger looks on, Bobby whistles away subway ride with a pocket chess set made of leather.



Philco "Woodstock" TV... in Early American styling, finished to match cherry-wood grain. Illuminated Channel Selector. All controls out front for added convenience. Out-front sound. Built-in Dipole Pivottenna. 19" overall diagonal measurement, 172-sq.-in. viewable area. Model #3600-LCH. Also in other styles and finishes.



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you'll still be glad you bought Philco Cool Chassis TV
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uct is designed and built with one idea in mind—to give you lasting value. Not such a bad idea, is it?

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Roast Ribs of Beef

The most robust and magnificent of all meats deserves

PART

2

LIFE

Great Dinners

There is no more majestic sight nor more robust eating than a standing rib roast of beef, which LIFE presents as the second in its series of Great Dinners. Full of flavor, firm but tender, a standing roast is the finest of meats. In England it is not merely a dinner, it is an institution. "Give them great meals of beef, and iron, and steel," wrote Shakespeare; "they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils." The still active London Beef-steak Society, established in 1635, is dedicated to "Beef and Liberty." But today—and even Englishmen admit this—the world's best beef comes from the U.S. Our way of serving it rare and thickly cut is replacing the British way of serving it rather well done and sliced wafer thin. Rib roast is a costly, even extravagant, dish. But properly cooked—a simple but precise operation—it deserves a menu in the grand style, the best red wine and discriminating guests.

precise cooking, the finest wine and a menu done in the grand style



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Notice the kind of person who enjoys it.
Then experience the Continental yourself.
Discover its increased spaciousness, its ride, its luxury.
You will know why more than half the people
who buy in our price range
choose the Continental, the modern American classic.
— Lincoln Continental.

Battle plan for the feast

This is a dinner to serve on a formal occasion and, in your most baronial style. The menu, with all stops pulled, calls for four courses—and should be served on your best tablecloth and china. For this event, enlist your husband. In fact don't tattle this dinner unless he feels cheerful about helping, for once it is on the table he is going to have to do a lot of work. He must serve the fish deftly. He must pour two wines. He must carve the beef. He should also, if he can manage it, serve the vegetables. So be sure that he has the proper utensils: a knife and serving fork for the fish, a sharp carving knife and a fork for the roast, an oversize platter to work on and a reliable corkerew.

Here is the dinner in full.

MENU

Poached fish

in aspic with cucumbers
Dill mayonnaise
Dry white wine

Standing rib roast

Yorkshire pudding
Stuffed mushrooms
Green beans with onion rings
Red wine

Cheese

Raspberry ginger
Coffee

The fish (it can be any of several kinds) is as handsome to behold as the main course. Its subtle flavor is set off by a lively mayonnaise and enhanced by a dry white wine. Traditional Yorkshire pudding accompanies the beef. It is not nearly so formidable to make as it may sound to someone who has never done it, and when made in your own oven it is like a giant popover and bears no resemblance to the soggy creations that sometimes turn up in restaurants. Two familiar vegetables are done with a different touch. The red wine, served with the ribs, is equally good with the cheese course. At this point many hostesses may feel that they have done enough and think of skipping dessert entirely. But don't stop now: the raspberry ginger is a perfect ending—chilled, light and tangy.

How to Buy Beef

The quality of the meat is every bit as important as the cooking of it. Most beef sold to consumers is "USDA Choice" grade, almost as good as "Prime." (Only 3% of all beef slaughtered in Prime and it goes almost entirely to restaurants.) Look for a thick layer of white fat outside, abundant marbling, or streaking, of fat through

the meat, and meat that is bright cherry red. Beef sold for several weeks, tender, juicy and very costly, is much darker. Only the finest beef with a cover of fat can be aged without spoiling. The first cut, the ribs nearest the rump, is the most desirable because it has the biggest eye. Three or four ribs is ample for six people. If you have the butcher cut off the short ribs to serve braised or boiled as another meal, ask him to tie additional fat on the roast so there is enough for the Yorkshire pudding or for gravy.

Preparing Ahead

Everything on this menu except the main course can be prepared either a day ahead or on the morning of the day of the dinner. Since the roast beef does not need any fussing over, the only things that need attention after guests arrive will be the vegetables, gravy and pudding.

The fish course can be prepared the day before and kept covered in the refrigerator. On the morning of the dinner make the mayonnaise and dessert and refrigerate them. Put white wine in the refrigerator to chill. Use the timetable below to figure out when to put the roast in the oven, allowing half an hour extra after it comes out to let it "rest." When you put in the beef, fix the beans and mushrooms so they are ready to cook and mix the Yorkshire pudding batter. Arrange the cheese board and set soft cheeses out at room temperature.

Your next chores come when the roast is done and you have taken it from the oven. Immediately turn the oven to 150°, heat pudding vigorously for two minutes. Then put pudding and mushrooms in the oven. (They will cook while you eat the fish.) Make gravy and keep it warm. Put water on to boil for the beans. Start cooking when you begin to clear the table of the fish dishes. They will be done when you bring on the beef, pudding and mushrooms.

Poached Fish in Aspic

This dish is the trickiest one on the menu to prepare, so allow yourself a couple of undisturbed hours on the day before you plan to serve it. Select a white meat fish that weighs about three pounds—in the East and South red snapper or striped bass would be a good choice, whitefish would be suitable in the Midwest, rockfish near the Pacific. Have the fish man clean and scale the fish, but leave the skin, head and tail on. If you call a fish, a special pan called a *poissonnière* is a worthwhile investment—it is the proper shape and has a rack to make moving the fish easier. But you can man-

age perfectly well with a roasting pan. You must use a light touch on this dish. Handle the fish gently to keep it from breaking, and be careful when removing the cheesecloth that you don't pull off the skin. When you garnish it you can be as artistic as you want—the aspic coating will keep the cucumber in place, along with anything else you may want to add, like lemon slices.

- 2½ to 3-pound whole fish
- 6 cups water
- 1 cup dry white wine
- ¼ cup wine vinegar
- 1 onion stuck with 2 cloves
- 1 lemon, sliced
- 12 peppercorns, cracked
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 teaspoon dried tarragon leaves
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 2 unpeeled cucumbers, thinly sliced
- 1 egg white, lightly beaten
- 1 envelope unflavored gelatine

Wrap the fish in cheesecloth, leaving extra cloth at both ends to serve as handles for lifting the fish. Combine water, wine, vinegar, onion, lemon, peppercorns, bay leaf, tarragon and salt in a large roasting pan—or your new *poissonnière* if you have invested in one. Boil for 10 minutes. Reduce heat and lower the fish gently into the bouillon. Cover and simmer for 10 minutes per pound. Remove the fish from the bouillon, lifting it gently by the end of the cheesecloth. Set it on a rack where it can drain and cool and unfold the cloth so it does not stick to the fish. When cool, lift the fish off the cloth carefully and place it on a serving platter. Garnish with cucumber slices. Chill it in refrigerator. Meanwhile strain the stock, put it into a three-quart saucepan and boil for 20 minutes. Add egg white and cook five minutes more. Strain the stock through filter paper or a linen towel into a large pot. This may take an hour or more but does not require watching. You will be astonished at what happens: the stock is now clear and golden. There should be about 1½ cups. Measure, and if you have less, add some water. Soften gelatine in 1 cup cold water. Add to stock, return to pan and bring to a boil. Remove from heat and stir until

gelatine is completely dissolved. Set pan in a bowl of ice and stir gently until the stock becomes like heavy syrup. Remove from ice and immediately spoon over fish. Refrigerate at least one hour or until the syrup has jelled into a firm aspic. Carefully lift away aspic that has drained onto the platter (from around the fish and dice it. Serve the diced aspic—it has a wonderful flavor—with the fish, along with additional cucumber slices and dill mayonnaise.

Dill Mayonnaise

- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 teaspoon dill weed or 1 tablespoon chopped fresh dill
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley
- 1 teaspoon minced onion

Combine all ingredients and mix well.

Standing Rib Roast

There are two schools of thought on how to roast beef. One holds with searing it quickly in a hot oven, then decreasing the temperature. The other believes in roasting at a constant lower temperature. Searing gives a crispier, browner outside. But cooked at a constant temperature the meat is more apt to be an even color throughout. If you feed you must sear, turn up the oven during the last 15 minutes—toves are so well insulated today that if you do it at the beginning the high heat will be retained too long. Put the meat in the oven directly from the refrigerator—it is unimportant to bring it to room temperature. For cooking time be guided by the weight but use a meat thermometer: it's the surest guide there is. Chefs can tell when meat is done by the feel. It feels soft to the touch when underdone, springs when medium rare, firm when well done. But don't rely on this until you're really experienced. Preheat the oven to 325° and place the roast, rib side down, in a shallow pan. Insert a meat thermometer into the thickest part of the roast, making sure the tip does not touch a bone. Cook according to this guide: *Very rare*: allow 15-17 minutes per pound, cook to 130° on the thermometer. *Medium rare*: allow 16-19 minutes per pound, cook to 140° on the thermometer. *Medium*: allow 18-20 minutes per pound, cook to 150°-160° on the thermometer. *Well done*: allow 20-28 minutes per pound, cook to 165° on the thermometer. When done remove the roast from the oven and let it rest for 20 or 30 minutes. This allows the juices to settle, and makes carving much easier. Less juice will run out onto the platter and the meat will be more succulent. For roast beef *au jus*, pour off fat from the roasting





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pan (saving $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful for Yorkshire pudding). Add about 1 cup of beef bouillon or water (enough to cover the bottom of the pan) to the remaining juices. Cook over direct heat, stirring constantly to dissolve the brown bits in the bottom and sides of the pan. To carve, stand the roast on its side so that the ribs are to your left. Thrust a fork between the ribs to hold it firmly. Cut the meat along the bone for a depth of two or three inches, then cut in slices across the top of the roast toward the bone.

Yorkshire Pudding

- 3 eggs
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot beef drippings

Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot beef drippings into 13x9x2 pan. Place on bottom rack of 450° oven to heat while preparing batter. Add eggs to milk and beat well with rotary beater. Add flour and salt all at once, and continue beating until smooth. Pour into heated drippings and bake for 30 minutes. Serve at once.

At Simpson's, a century-old London restaurant, which made a worldwide reputation on its roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, the chef recommends that rain water, or better yet, melted snow, be substituted for the milk in the pudding.



Stuffed Mushrooms

- 24 large mushrooms
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced onion
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry bread crumbs
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped parsley
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Freshly ground black pepper

Wash mushrooms well, remove stems. Trim and chop stems and also chop six of the mushroom caps, reserving 18. This should yield about three cups of chopped mushrooms. Sauté chopped mushrooms and onions in butter for five minutes. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Add bread crumbs, pars-

ley, cream, salt and pepper, mixing lightly but well. Stuff mushroom caps with this mixture. Arrange the mushrooms, stuffed sides up, in baking pan. Add about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch of water. Place pan on top shelf of 450° oven and bake 30 minutes.

Green Beans with Onion Rings

- 2 pounds green beans, sliced
- 1 onion, thinly sliced
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Freshly ground black pepper

Divide the onion slices into rings and mix them with beans. Combine them with butter, salt and pepper in a saucepan. Pour in boiling water, cover pan and boil for 10 minutes or until beans are just tender. Add a few more tablespoons of water if needed.

Cheese

You may serve as many or as few cheeses as you wish. A Brie or Camembert at the peak of ripeness is superb alone. But if you wish to serve more than one kind, you might choose one soft variety, like a Brie, one sharp cheese such as Roquefort or Stilton, and one firm cheese, such as a Cheddar or Gruyère. They complement one another, and there is something for every taste. Serve this as a separate course, with butter and crusty bread—and fill the guests' wine glasses again.

Raspberry Ginger

- 3 10-ounce packages frozen raspberries
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints heavy cream
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sifted brown sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground ginger

Defrost berries and drain them thoroughly. Gently separate berries. Whip the cream until stiff. Mix brown sugar with ginger and fold it into the cream. Fold in berries lightly so as not to crush them. Chill for at least one hour or until ready to serve. Before serving, stir gently to blend in any juices that have come from the berries.

Wines

If you are planning this dinner for a historic occasion—at least to you—you may want to serve two wines. Choose a light, dry white wine to go with the fish course, and a resounding red to be served with the beef. If you decide to serve only one wine don't try to be all things at once by choosing a red. Select the best red that you can afford. Whatever red wine you pick, the bottle must be opened an hour or so before you serve it.

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WRIGGLER UNDER WRAPS

If you wonder how those mop-haired, wriggling Beatles got the way they are, the tribulations of barber George Romanoff just might shed some light. It was a calm and peaceful workday in Romanoff's shop in New West Minster, Canada until 4-year-old Gary Oakes took the chair. No sooner did Romanoff begin to snip than Gary began to squirm—and

artistry was in danger of flying right out the window. Then Gary's dad, who is a photographer, diagnosed the trouble: the tickle caused by wisps of falling hair. He offered a blanket solution that met with his son's delighted approval. For the rest of the sitting Gary kept still while Romanoff labored to match a haircut to a head and face he could no longer see.

Q&A:

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